Vol. 42 No. 13 JULY 9, 1990 49145 $2.95

M. F. CKLEY JR. JOHN SIMON

USSR: Breaking Up Is Hard to Do

NATIONAL REVIEW

MISS KING on smoking

MISS MANNERS on manners

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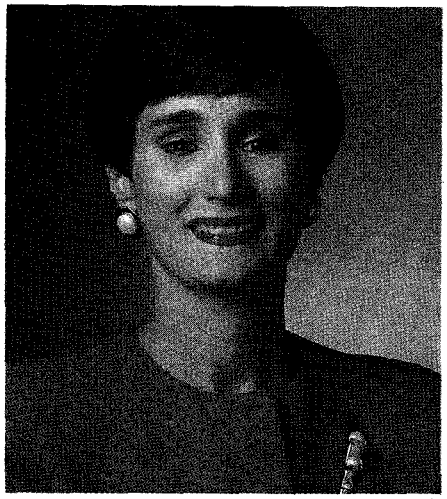

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Texaco Syngas Inc.

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NATIONAL REVIEW

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Florence King marvels at the obnoxious sanctimony of militant anti-smokers.

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Cover photo of Miss Dietrich courtesy of the Kobal Collection

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LETTERS

Phasers on Stun

Congratulations on your special supplement, "Rebuilding America" [May 28]. I'd been afraid for a while that *NR* was turning into a dinosaur (your dismal redesign didn't help matters). But this terrific section was welcome evidence that you're evolving to meet a changing climate abroad and a dangerously stagnant one at home. The mission of standing athwart the tide of history yelling "Stop!" will, alas, be seen in retrospect as a piece of cake compared to the next phase: generating constructive *alternative* solutions to those proposed by the Hive. In the pieces by Tom Bethell, Richard Brookhiser, et al., you've assembled some of the best right-thinking reality checkers, those whipper-snappers under age sixty who are actually conversant with life outside the ivory tower. Without them, we'll be surrendering the fields of thought and action to the Sixties retreads whose only prescription is more of the same.

My advice for *NR Trek: The Next Generation*? Enough with the Klingons already. Your five-year mission is to explore strange new worlds (like inner cities, overflowing landfills, and middle-class families in which Mom *has* to work and always will), to seek out new life and new civilizations (like public housing, day care, or education); and to boldly go where no conservative has gone before: straight into the wreckage of the Great Society. Phasers on stun.

Brenda L. Becker
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Fading Fast?

Llewellyn H. Rockwell Jr. and Jeffrey A. Tucker write that Randianism has followed Ayn Rand into the grave and that Christian libertarianism is on the rise ["Ayn Rand is Dead," May 28]. I hate to trot out a cliché, but the reports of the death of Randianism (or more properly, Objectivism) are greatly exaggerated. Interest in Rand's philosophy, especially among academic philosophers, is probably at an all-time high. The newly created Institute for Objectivist Studies, set up by two professional philosophers, and the publication of new books of Rand's writings are just two obvious signs of this interest.

Without question, there is more interest in Objectivism than in Christianity among libertarians. NATIONAL REVIEW has been trying to bury Ayn Rand and her Objectivist philosophy for decades and still has not managed to do it.

Sheldon L. Richman
Woodbridge, Va.

The Brothel Blues

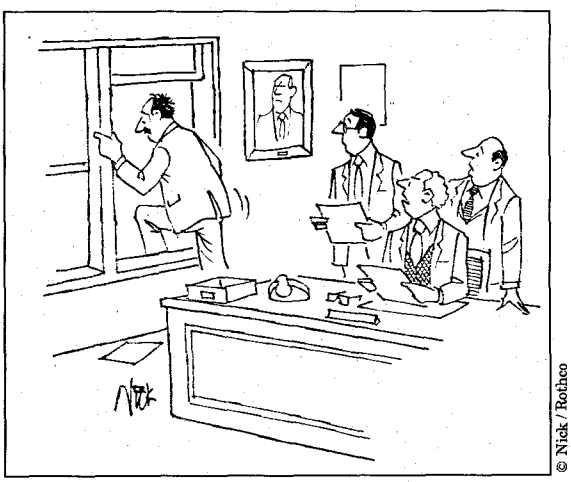
"Like Jelly Roll Morton, Brahms got his start as a performer playing piano in a whorehouse," claimed Ralph de Toledano ["Books, Arts & Manners," May 28].

There you go again, Mr. Toledano, blackening the reputations of the great ones. I am sure that Mr. J. R. Morton never worked in a whorehouse

Donald P. Kerwick
Hamilton, Ohio

Drugs: Causes and Effects

D. Keith Mano's assumptions about the relative innocuousness of marijuana bespeak an ignorance that I wish he didn't possess ["Books, Arts & Manners," May 14], but that is easily taken care of. I would like to introduce him to some students of mine that use marijuana on a daily basis. To bring Mr. Mano and them together, however, might be difficult since they've dropped out of school—two to rehab, one committed to a psychiatric hospital.



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"Thank heavens somebody *knows how to read a balance sheet."*

I will concede the point that if they were drinking alcohol to the same extent they were smoking marijuana, they would be much sicker now than they are. But at least then there would be some manifestations which might, just might, begin to help them or those around them see that what they are doing is killing themselves.

Somehow Mr. Mano, an otherwise manifestly intelligent man, considers marijuana to be a drug without systemic effects. That is not true: All psychoactive drugs have systemic effects, few of which can be said to be of any benefit. The bottom line for marijuana is that it alters the user's reality. The profundities, the cosmic insights that marijuana users discover while under the influence of their drug of choice, are profound only to other marijuana users. For instance, one of those brilliant discoveries that my students have made is that education is a crock.

I don't think the drug war will succeed, but I am very sure of two things: Anyone in a position to influence how people view drugs needs to make sure that he has seen not just how a drug can mitigate the suffering of a loved one, but how that same drug destroys the lives of children just as surely as do cocaine, heroin, amphetamines, and alcohol.

James B. Heath
Norfolk, Conn.

It is with dismay that I have followed your magazine's treatment of addiction. It appears that you are treating the issue in a systematic and abstract manner rather than taking into account the individual plight of the addict.

D. Keith Mano is also quite wrong factually ["Books, Arts & Manners," May 28]. "Drugs are bad," he writes. "But easily the worst thing about them is—they're illegal and (hence) they cost too much. . . . It is the grim *financial* hemorrhage that demoralizes the addict."

The cost is not the worst thing for the addict. It is the drug itself and its properties, whether it is alcohol, cocaine, or heroin that demoralizes the addict. That is why the 12 steps of Alcoholics Anonymous, the most successful recovery program for addicts, stresses moral recovery in six of the steps. A corporate CEO will suffer the same way internally as a streetwalker.

As hospital treatment programs have expanded we have the typical problems associated with statism: lower standards and a revolving door. Insurance companies and gov-

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Governors to urg
Federal polluters are high
By David Bauman
Gannett News Service
WASHINGTON — The na-
tion's governors, concerned that
President Bush's plans for clean-
ing up pollution at federal facili-
plants.
But EPA estimate
$200 billion over 30
cleaning up all gover
ties.
NGA officials wa
FEB-25-90
Governors taking school goals to Bush
'If you make a mess you clean it up'
private citizens," Idaho Gov. Cecil
under President Jimmy Carter.
Governors Urge Expanded Funding for Head Start Program
objectives approved as part of the so-called "readi-
ness" goal.
Ohio Gov. Richard Celeste, Gov. John Ashcroft of
Missouri and Gov. Ray Mabus of Mississippi led the
history and geography.
Rather than changing the goal as Clinton h
Governors meeting focusing on education
FEB-23-90
troversy among the governors on the proper ap-
proach to take.
Budget Director Richard G. Darman was appear-
ing before the governors today, and the state
Governors Press the U.S. To Clean Up Its Pollution
FEB-8 -90
Governors will sign clean air pact
Governors debate question of federal funding for sch
FEB-27-90
By Thomas Hargrove
The Virginian-Pilot
Norfolk, VA
Circulation: M-F a.m. 146,550
the end of the decade. The United States
lags behind most developed
these fields.
"I think we ought to
10 percent of the fed
Governors want federal fu
to back education objective
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Democratic governors are
Governors' task force to study coast erosion
weather trends that could
coastal erosion.
BY ED ANDERSON
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Governors tackle drugs at state level
By ROCHELLE SHARPE
Gannett News Service
With so many strategies now
being tried, "we need the federal
government
the health hazards of drug use,
it did in its programs to dete
cigarette
On the roads again:
in the lead
Chicago meeting enlists Ted Danson in the One Million Marylanders
Nation's governors to share information on dr
By Gov. W. Donald Schaefer
The nation's governors meet twice
each year—summer and winter—to
compare notes and
women. The all take their job very
seriously.
They are deeply concerned about
of drugs and pollu-
and Gulf Coast areas. Our aim was
to come up with a comprehensive
plan because we all rec
one state can't fix the p
posals for protecting the oceans
and coastal areas, the press paid at-
tention to what we had to say.
concerned about
use and abuse of
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ernment funding have been misused and we are seeing cutbacks. We'll have to go back to the best method for helping addicts—one individual or one family member to another.

Owen Jones
Byfield, Mass.

Modern or Progressive?

There is an artist in Vancouver, British Columbia, who needs the support of sympathizers for the NEA's Mapplethorpe show under attack in Cincinnati and elsewhere. He is artist Rick Gibson, and he wants to squash a rat named Snuffy onto one of his canvases with a 55-pound concrete block to put on display. So far animal lovers are so enraged that he has not been allowed to perform this act in public. It is perfectly legitimate to kill a rat, long a public nuisance. Even the SPCA cannot prevent it as long as the rat would feel no pain.

Earlier this year, artist Gibson was prevented from staging an artistic act of cannibalism when police closed his gallery show that featured part of a human testicle he planned to eat. Mr. Gibson created a stir in London in 1987 when he made earrings out of two dehydrated human fetuses as part of a scultpture. He and the gallery owner were fined for outraging public decency.

Surely artist Gibson would feel more at home in the States where we do not regard standards of public decency as valid reason to prevent freedom of speech.

Patricia Kranz
Richland, Wash.

Return to Taxes

William F. Buckley's choice of Henry Hazlitt's example of Edgar and his cook Sally ["On the Right," June 11] is quite misleading. Firstly, the marriage of the couple in question does cause the employment rate to rise, but not because Sally is now unemployed. Provided she does not look for a job, she is not counted in the statistics. The rate rises (and immeasurably so) because someone who was employed is removed from the pool of job seekers. The column's main point—that Sally should be worse off financially after marrying Edgar—seems quite unlikely. It is true that Sally is no longer building up Social Security points, but neither is she paying into the system. (The last time I looked self-employment tax was about 14 per cent.) Moreover, the couple is no longer being double taxed on the amount Edgar was paying Sally in wages. Remember, Edgar received no deduction for the wages he paid his cook. Also, the two should now receive the benefits of filing "married-filing-jointly," which rates are lower than those levied on "singles." Surely the rise in income affected by this marriage would exceed any possible Social Security benefits to Sally once reduced by the above-mentioned factors. This would certainly be the case were Social Security benefits reduced to a more reasonable level.

D. Todd Anderson
Ruston, La.

Another Voice

The symposium with Milton Friedman and others on monetary reform left out an important alternative. I am referring to Friedrich von Hayek's proposal that government should relinquish control of printing money to private banks. He discussed this in detail in 1976 in his book, *The Denationalisation of Money*. Hayek challenged the millenium-old notion that only governments should be in charge of issuing currency. Throughout history governments have continually abused their privilege of issuing currency for short-term political gains. Fixed rules cannot be a solution because they do not exist. Time and time again, governments have abandoned all such self-imposed rules, such as the gold standard, when those rules had become inconvenient for themselves.

Hayek proposed an alternative arrangement. Different private banks could issue their own currencies with none having the right of being legal tender. People would have the choice of which currencies to use when they conduct their business. No one would want to hold currencies that are inflationary. Banks that are irresponsible in maintaining the value of their currency would find people switching to other currencies. Therefore, competition between private banks would keep banks responsible and inflation minimal.

More than one currency existing simultaneously might seem awkward but the situation would probably be no different than in border towns around the world. Though it may seem a little inconvenient dealing in multiple currencies, the rewards would be greater: we would have finally achieved a stable currency free from political interference.

Daniel LaGattuta
Flushing, N.Y.

Juvenile Justice

From reading your editorial "Abusing Common Sense" ["The Week," May 28], I gather you think prosecutors are running amuck with bizarre, concocted charges of child sexual abuse, and that this is due to a conspiracy of mush-brained "helping professionals," prosecutors, the courts, and too much money from the Federal Child Abuse Act.

Having been a prosecutor in Texas for almost seven years, and having participated in the prosecution of several child sex cases my opinion is quite different.

Far from finding my fellow prosecutors too gung-ho to try such cases, my complaint is that we tend to shrink from taking them. Such cases take far more preparation than virtually any other kind of case. Even when things go perfectly—the kid testifies well, the child's mother also testifies well and doesn't come across as a squirrel, and you have conclusive medical evidence that the kid was sexually abused, you still have at best a fifty-fifty chance of getting a conviction.

Why so low a conviction rate? I believe it's because most people, for whatever reason, desperately wish to believe that very young children are not sexually abused. I have talked to many otherwise-rational people who become extremely agitated, angry, and irrational when the conversation turns to the problem of sexual abuse of young children, and who insist it's all a lot of nonsense. (In fact, your piece is a prime example of that phenomena.)

I know from participating in several jury selections that this problem is far more common than I ever imagined possible. In every panel's case, several women have come forward when asked if any of the panel had ever been sexually abused as a child—and this is a group of only fifty or so adults.

I was sickened by your last two sentences: "A fair trail was good enough for Charles Manson. Why not for Kelly Michaels and Raymond Buckey?" Miss Michaels was convicted by a jury of her peers, despite the fact that the deck is heavily stacked against the prosecution and in favor of the defendant. As for Mr. Buckey, he is the beneficiary of that stacked deck, where little kids were required to spend days being cross-examined by relays of defense attorneys in endless preliminary hearings before finally testifying once again before a jury. From what I have read, not one of Buckey's jurors felt he was innocent.

There *is* "hysteria" concerning child sex abuse, but it comes not from the handful of overworked social workers, police, and prosecutors who have the stomach to take on these grotesque cases, but from those who refuse to see the reality of this very major problem.

Terry Breen
Wallisville, Tex.

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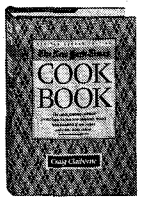
BEHIND THE SCENES AT IBM



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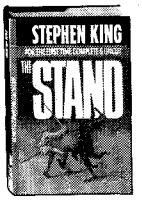

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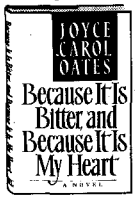

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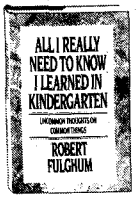

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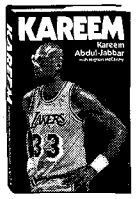

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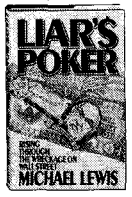

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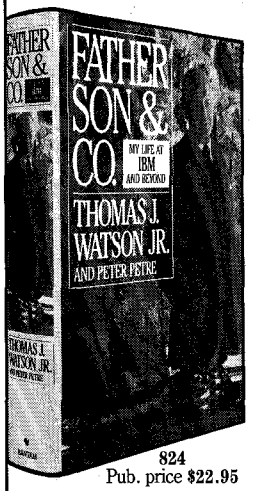
For nearly six decades, corporate colossus IBM was a family-dominated business, built by rags-to-riches sales genius Thomas Watson, Sr. and later headed by his son, Thomas Watson, Jr. In *Father, Son & Co.* the younger Watson takes us on an intimate backstage tour of the world's largest computer company, telling an American success story that is fascinating on many levels.



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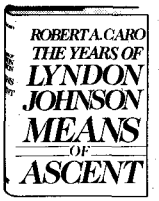
It's the tale of the larger-than-life Watson, Sr. who built a tiny distributor of time clocks, butcher's scales, and other assorted measuring devices into one of the country's premier businesses. It's the story of the fierce rivalry, and equally fierce love, that drove an ambitious father-and-son team. And it's the autobiography of the awkward boy turned visionary executive who forged his father's company into a $7.5 billion corporation, and then went on to become Ambassador to Moscow.

Unique among contemporary autobiographies, *Father, Son & Co.* is a candid look at a legendary American corporation, and at the unforgettable family that made it great.



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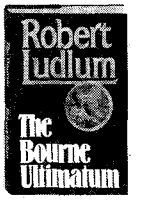

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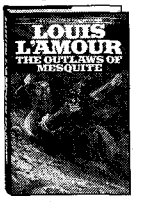

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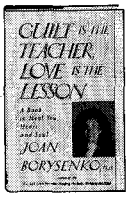

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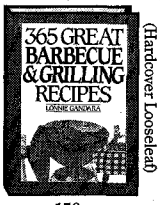

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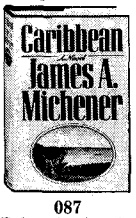

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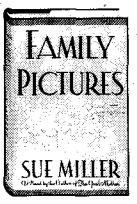

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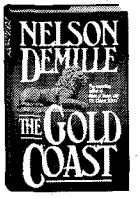

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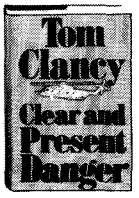

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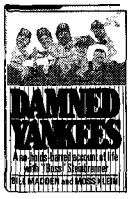

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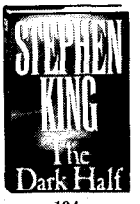

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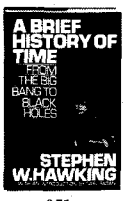

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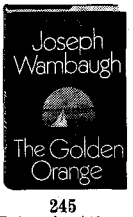

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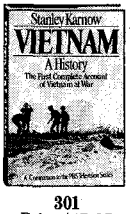

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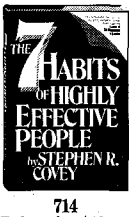

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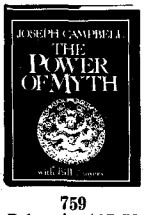

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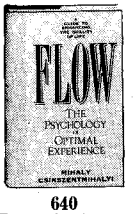

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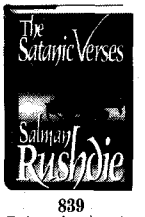

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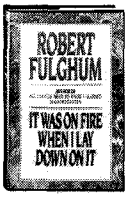

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FROM THE EDITOR

First Amendment Wrongs

■ Critics of a constitutional amendment to prohibit flag-burning are, I notice, never described as "wrapping themselves in the First Amendment." Yet if the expression used against their opponents, "wrapping themselves in the flag," means exploiting blind loyalty to a national symbol for partisan purposes, then exactly the same process is at work on the part of the First Amendment's superpatriots.

The wrapping comes in two stages. First, the amendment is misinterpreted. A long line of Supreme Court decisions has read freedom of speech, which should reasonably be given a restrictive interpretation as "freedom of *political* speech," to mean freedom of *expression*. This is a nonsense resting upon the confusion between a sum and its parts. Speech is a sub-class of expression, not the other way round.

It is nonetheless defended as "expanding First Amendment rights." But to expand rights is to change the Constitution by stealth—and to do so, moreover, on a partial and prejudiced basis. For the same theorists show no sign of wanting to expand Second Amendment rights by, say, mandating the general sale of cruise missiles.

So the end result of this misinterpretation is that nude dancing, flag burning, Klan hood-wearing, etc., are held to be constitutionally protected against legal restraint. (One need not be opposed to, say, nude dancing to disagree with the view that it is constitutionally protected speech. One might even like it precisely as a holiday from political significance.)

The second stage is to absolutize (or totemize, or fetishize) this misinterpretation: i.e., to lift this view above rational criticism or political argument. Any attempt to hold a rational discussion of legal restraints on expression—however brutal, obscene, or offensive—is at once swept away by a great tide of liberal indignation at the laying of impious hands on the sacred texts. Merely discussing the Bill of Rights has become for liberals what burning the flag is to many conservatives: a secular version of sacrilege.

So, by a nice paradox, the First Amendment is employed to obstruct that freedom of political speech it was invented to protect.

■ Of course, it does not follow that offensive expression outside the constitutional protection of free speech should be prohibited. "Rapping" in the style of 2 Live Crew is, by most accounts, obscene and unpleasant stuff. But the offense is not so serious as to attract severe punishment, and in such circumstances legal prohibition serves mainly to inspire publicity. We reasonably content ourselves by informing the public, notably parents, of any obscenity by warning labels on record sleeves. (Some have suggested that this is itself a form of censorship, but even First Amendment fetishists may baulk at the notion that providing information amounts to restricting free speech.)

The flag, however, is the sort of unique national symbol by which a nation is held together and might be thought to deserve unique legal protection. If that could be accomplished without too much trouble, by the simple passage of legislation, there would be a strong case for doing so. If Congress can, under Article III, Section 2, of the Constitution, deprive the Court of jurisdiction on laws protecting the flag, it should seriously consider doing so. But another constitutional amendment would paradoxically make the flag a symbol of national disunity and partisan passions over two long years. It would be better perhaps to allow the odious antics of a few America-haters to remind the other 247 million Americans of the fundamental patriotism that unites them.

■ On a happier note, begging has been declared *not* to be a constitutional right under the First Amendment by a maverick New York court.

—JOHN O'SULLIVAN

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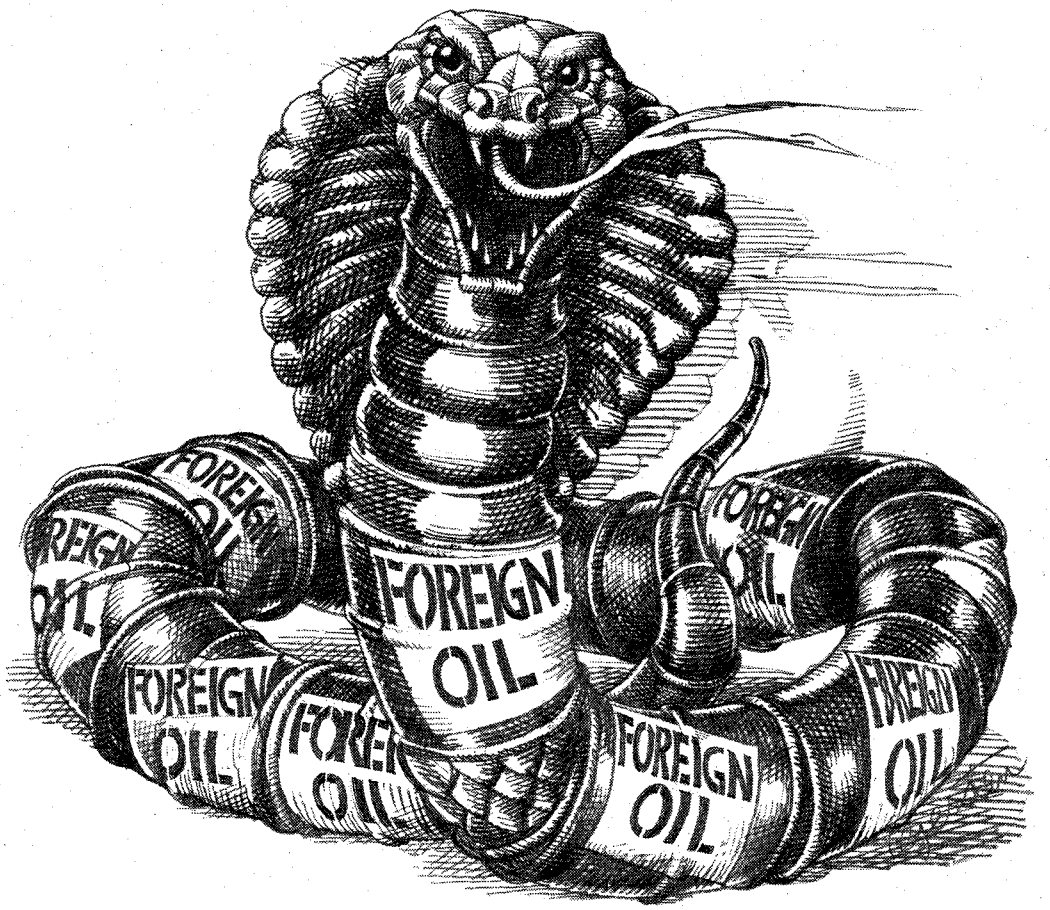

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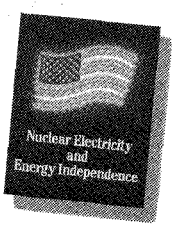

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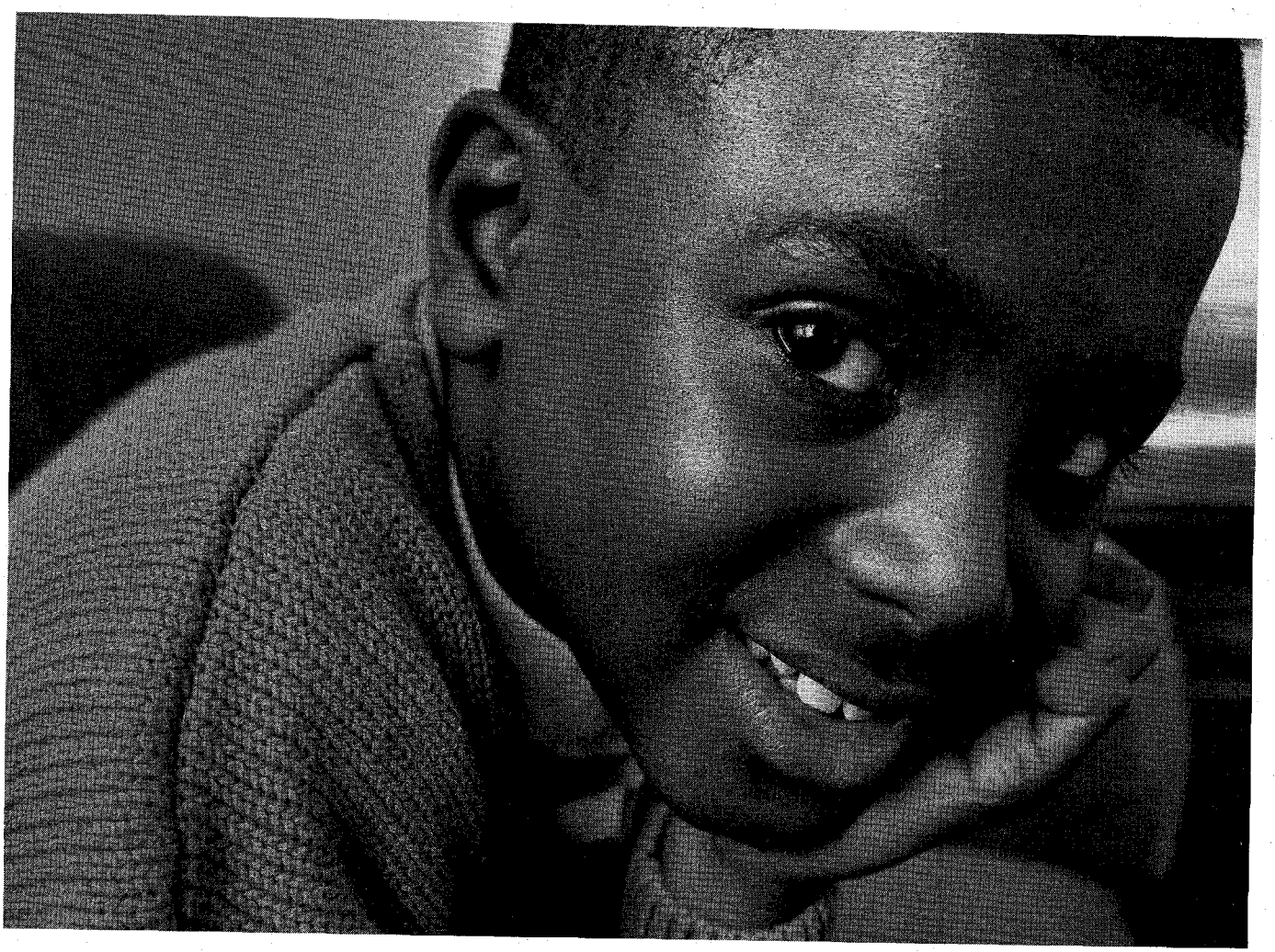

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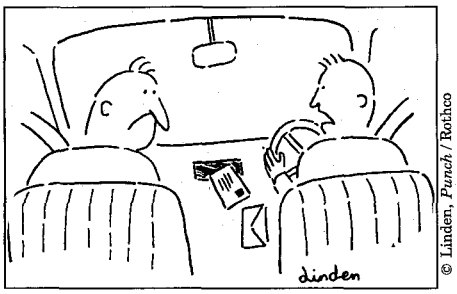
ON THE RECORD

■ The outlook is dicey for Republicans in nation's two largest states. **Kevin Phillips** calls **Pierre Rinfret**, choice of the New York GOP for governor, a "near joke-level" contender. Phillips thinks **Mario Cuomo** may win so big in November that the Democrats could take over the state senate for first time in 25 years, giving Democrats a free hand in 1991 redistricting. . . . **Dianne Feinstein**'s primary win in California makes that "clearly the most important state in American politics today," according to Democratic National Chairman **Ronald Brown**. Republican National Chairman **Lee Atwater** agrees and says election of **Pete Wilson** as governor of California is the GOP's top priority this year. Pollster **Mervin Field** believes Feinstein will give Wilson "a good run." . . . At stake here, too, is redistricting. The two Republican propositions to curb Democratic control of redistricting were defeated by roughly two to one (67 to 33, 64 to 36 per cent). . . . Political analyst **Everett Ladd** of **Roper Center** doesn't believe California's acceptance of doubled gasoline tax means the tax revolt is over. Americans, he says, want a high level of government services and are prepared to pay for them, but they don't want their money squandered. A recent ABC News/*Washington Post* poll indicates the public believes 46 cents of every dollar in taxes is wasted. . . . In third important gubernatorial race this year Republican **Clayton Williams** leads **Ann Richards** by 14 points in Texas. . . . In senatorial races, Iowa Republican **Tom Tauke** is within nine points of Democratic incumbent Sen. **Tom Harkin**, not bad at this point in the electoral season, and in Rhode Island, **Claudine Schneider** trails **Claiborne Pell** by just ten points. Schneider has backing of NOW, the Women's Political Caucus, and most environmental groups. Pell has considerable clout as chairman of Foreign Relations Committee, although that didn't prevent electoral defeat in near past of chairmen **William Fulbright**, **Frank Church**, and **Charles Percy**.

■ SUMMIT RESIDUAL: *Media Monitor*, which taped 144 summit stories on the CBS, NBC, and ABC evening newsshows, found **Mikhail Gorbachev** got twice as much TV coverage as **George Bush**, but Gorby's coverage was more negative than in past. The Soviet prez, it says, "was praised most frequently by U.S. Government officials and criticized most often by American reporters and Soviet citizens." . . . Despite warm welcome Americans gave Gorbachev a fortnight back, a *Boston Globe*/WBZ poll shows that they oppose giving aid to the USSR by two to one. . . . Harvard Prof. **Richard Pipes** points out in *Commentary* that conditions are worse in Russia than anyone imagines. Soviet citizens in 1985 ate less meat than in 1913; they have one-tenth the housing space of the U.S. . . . Former Defense aide **Richard Perle** unhappy that U.S. leaders tended "to cater to Gorbachev like an anxious bride." . . . Not so, North Korea's unrepentant **Kim Il-sung** whose Radio Pyongyang described Gorbachev's meeting with South Korean President **Roh Tae Woo** "as a disgraceful blot of flunkyist treachery." . . . In Dublin last week European Commission president **Jacques Delors** urged fellow European socialists to rewrite the Treaty of Rome to increase the power of the Council of Europe in Strasbourg, and the EC in Brussels. Meeting confirmed worry of **Margaret Thatcher** that gains made for the free market in Thatcher–**Reagan** revolution could be lost in establishing Europe '92. . . . Interesting sidelight on Peruvian election. Free-marketeer **Hernando de Soto**, a onetime supporter of **Mario Vargas Llosa**, apparently broke with Vargas Llosa during the campaign in part over the novelist's refusal to come to grips with important Protestant evangelical movement.



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"I can't afford a car phone."

■ Just before reaching our shores, **Nelson Mandela** became the latest winner of the **Lenin** Peace Prize. . . . During his recent travels Mandela took time in Angola to praise **Fidel Castro**'s well-known solicitude for political critics. "There's one thing where [Cuba] stands out head and shoulders above the rest—that is in its love for human rights and liberty." . . . The **National Council of Churches**, whose latest pronunciamento was a denunciation of **Christopher Columbus** for bringing "racism," "genocide," and "exploitation" to the New World, is having to make do on less. Contributions to the NCC are down over 50 per cent from their mid Seventies high. . . . The *Blade*, the Washington gay newspaper, urges "people who suffer hate violence because they are gay or perceived to be gay" to report same to the new (post enactment of the "hate" bill) Justice Department hotline: 1-800-347-HATE.

■ On the conservative calendar: The 1990 Seminar for the Study of Western Institutions will be held at the Universidad de Guanajuato, Guanajuato, Mexico, July 2 to August 3. Among the lecturers **Gerhart Niemeyer**, professor emeritus, University of Notre Dame, and **Robert Loewenberg**, director of the Institute for Advanced Strategic and Political Studies, Jerusalem. Application deadline, July 1. Contact Sheri Jutting, 1150 East Alameda, Tempe, Ariz. 85282. . . . A College Republican Leadership Conference will be held at the Capitol Hill Hyatt Regency in Washington, July 26-29. For info: call CRNC, 202-662-1330.

■ *Glasnost* here we come: **Lionel Rotcage**, publisher of the French *Rolling Stone*, hopes to have a Russian *Rolling Stone* in the works later this year, with initial run of two million copies.

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THE WEEK

■ Good News: You can now smoke cigarettes on airlines, provided that the paper is red, white, and blue.

■ Senator David Durenberger (R., Minn.) ended the Senate ethics committee's inquiry into his affairs by conceding that yes yes yes he'd bent the rules, and what of it? He spoke of "strains and vulnerabilities in my personal life." He called attention to his "three decades of public service." He said he had "acted, throughout, in good faith." He pleaded that he'd "worked too hard on your public agenda to attend to my private one." In short, he sounded just like. . . .

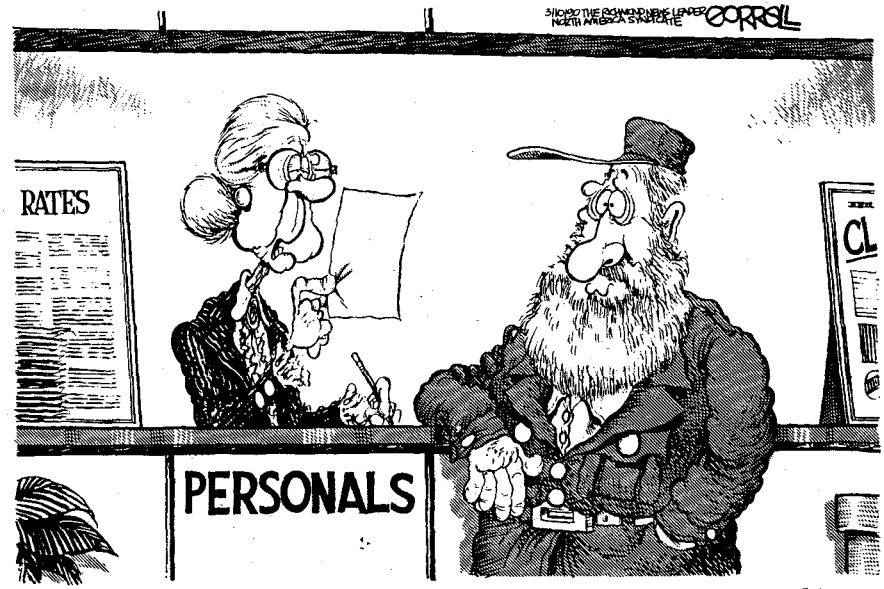
■ Washington's Mayor Marion Barry, who finally dropped the other shoe: he won't seek a fourth term. He spoke of healing, and serving God, and his family, and the poor, and said that his decision was "not related to my legal situation."

■ The California vote to raise specific taxes for specific purposes is being transmogrified into a national mood to raise taxes across the board. This is not the case. Californians voted to increase the tax on gasoline, specifically to improve the safety of their highways. After all, they saw overpasses collapse during last fall's earthquake. This in no way translates into a general desire to pour private funds into the public sector for unspecified purposes.

■ That turbulent Cardinal O'Connor has, once again, thrown our media monarchs into a snit with a 19,000-word pastoral letter responding to the 23 "most frequently asked questions" about abortion. They just knew that the entire purpose of the exercise was to put their friend New York Governor Mario Cuomo on the spot. Why else would he propound the curious view that the Church must call upon Catholics in public life to act in accord with their professed convictions? Against the Cardinal, the monarchs invoked the renowned moral theologian, John F. Kennedy, who assured the nation that nothing so private as religion can be permitted to interfere with the real world of politics. Anticipating his critics, the Cardinal wrote, "If a Catholic must renounce what he or she believes in conscience, in order to be elected for office, then we are back to the days of 'no Catholic need apply.'" The intriguing argument being advanced by the pundits is that, since they would exclude from public office anyone who disagrees with them on abortion, the Cardinal, by encouraging Catholics to disagree with them on abortion, is excluding Catholics from public office. Others who have a say in electing people to public office in this republic will likely not find that argument entirely convincing. They might even go so far as to think it a political plus that candidates have the nerve to act on what they say they believe. American history has demonstrated, from time to time, the political appeal of what somebody called profiles in courage.

■ Governor Cuomo, of course, has made it his specialty to pose as the Catholic with a difference—"personally" against abortion, but "pro-choice" in the arena of political pluralism. The position is manifestly incoherent: how can you believe that a fetus is a human being while tolerating its being killed? O'Connor has served notice that Cuomo can't have it both ways: he can be a Catholic or an abortion advocate, but not both. The champion of choice may soon have to choose.

■ The *Wall Street Journal* reported last week the case of Sarah Flores, who was elected to the Los Angeles County Board of Supervisors, making her the first Hispanic to be elected to that body since 1875. There was only one problem: the day before she was elected, Judge David Kenyon, hearing a case (brought by the ACLU, among others) positing that the districts were intentionally gerrymandered so



"Lonely, isolated Marxist seeks like-minded leftists for companionship and support . . . object, revolution."

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that a Hispanic couldn't win, decided that, indeed, "an Hispanic candidate is unable to be elected to the board under the current configuration of . . . districts," and struck it down, potentially invalidating Mrs. Flores's victory. When Mrs. Flores's lawyer pointed out that she had won, and she is Hispanic, so what's the problem?, the judge (a Carter appointee) snapped, "I don't want politics in here." No, indeed. By the way, Mrs. Flores is a conservative Republican, and won 65 per cent of the Hispanic vote. Looks like the voters will have to keep electing Hispanics until they choose the right liberal Democrat.

■ A recent study by the Heritage Foundation identifies more than ninety specific ways of cutting the deficit without raising taxes or touching untouchables. For starters we can repeal the congressional pay raise and reduce staff spending by 10 per cent. (Why is it that the 535 members of Congress need more than thirty thousand unelected employees while the 650 members of Britain's House of Commons gets by with fewer than one thousand?) There are sixty federal anti-poverty programs and 17 programs for the homeless; consolidation would save billions. Limit AFDC eligibility to seven years and we could save $6.5 billion, cutting welfare rolls by one-third. No good purpose is served by the $15 billion plus spent each year subsidizing farmers, train passengers, artists, or less-developed nations. No one can accuse Heritage of being soft on defense, yet the study identifies $11.2 billion worth of defense cuts, $5 billion *more* than the Administration's budget proposal. The Heritage Foundation reforms would save taxpayers $130 billion per year—real reductions from earlier spending levels, not from an inflated baseline—without damaging the safety net. Leaner, but by no means meaner.

■ Forget about IRAs, 401-Ks, and other incentives. Short hair, or better yet, no hair, is the key to a higher national savings rate. The Claremont Economics Institute's John Rutledge notes that young dudes with full heads of hair are apt to indulge themselves in pricey consumer goods, thus borrowing more and saving less than older, low-follicle-count individuals. The jump in the American savings rate since 1987 would have occurred years earlier but for one "President of the Hair Club for Men" who, Mr. Rutledge claims, "has single-handedly been responsible for the carpeting of more chrome—and the resulting purchase of more BMWs, gold chains, and Gucci loafers—than any man in history." And it's not just a case of hair today, gone tomorrow. (Seriously now) Rutledge foresees long-term benefits from the increased savings rate. Capital spending will be stronger during this decade than during the Eighties. It will also be less erratic as big growth will come to service industries which are less subject to economic down-swings than manufacturing. That is good news for tool-making companies and their shareholders. Although lower consumption poses obvious problems for durable-goods producers, Rutledge foresees little risk of a consumer-led recession: while balding yuppies may cut back on big-ticket items, spending for services and non-durables, which together account for 86 per cent of all consumption, will grow steadily.

■ Rumania and Bulgaria have voted, in their first free elections in over forty years, to keep their renamed Communist parties in power—a fact which has prompted a good deal of chatter about the difference between the Balkans and Central Europe, or between orthodoxy and Western Christianity, or whatnot. The victories of the old guards depended at least as much, however, on their continuing grip on the machinery of power. Bulgaria's 1989 transition from Stalinism came late, swiftly, and from the top down—leaving the old top largely intact. In Rumania, the ruling National Front, consisting largely of Communists with whom Ceausescu fell out in his final days, has shown itself willing to use Ceausescu-like tactics, busing in goon squads (which apparently included veterans of the hated *Securitate*) to break up opposition protests, to harass the leaders of the two opposition parties, and to shut down *Rumania Libera*, the largest opposition newspaper. The ensuing anti-opposition pogrom was *ex post facto* evidence that intimidation had played at least some part in the victories of the New Old Guard. Might doesn't make right, but it still makes for more might. And the neo-Communists continue to have a monopoly on might in Bucharest and Sofia.

■ The lawyer for Skywalker Records insists that the album *As Nasty as They Wanna Be* is not, as a Florida prosecutor alleges, obscene. "It's got a terrific beat," says Bruce Rogow; "You can dance to it." While we haven't researched the point, we have a hunch that the danceability doctrine is a legacy of the Warren Court.

Take It All Off

With here and there a bump and grind,
  The President discards
The outerwear that once concealed
  What looks like yards and yards
Of Rockefeller's silken shorts
  And Nixon's undershirts,
As his unseemly White House act
  Both saddens and diverts.

W. H. VON DREELE

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■ The Finnish Sauna Society urges the world please not to use the word "sauna" to describe bordellos.

■ War has erupted in Kelso, Washington, over plans to paint historical murals on several buildings. One of the town fathers wants one mural to include, um, a saloon girl, as a matter of historical accuracy, the town having offered many such services to loggers in a bygone era. Other folks in Kelso aren't sure they want to be that accurate.

Burning Issue

THE SUPREME COURT has now rejected as unconstitutional a second legislative attempt to answer the flag-burning question. The ball is thus back in Congress's court. What now?

At ground level, Republican strategists see the issue as a splendid opportunity which can be exploited in the forthcoming off-year elections. What George Bush did to Michael Dukakis on the Pledge of Allegiance can be done to the Democrats on flag-burning.

On a more philosophical level, many conservatives believe the Supreme Court over the years has so imperialized its power that a rebuke is called for in the form of a constitutional amendment. The Court has made a habit of construing the language of the Constitution in strange ways—in this instance ruling that flag-burning is protected speech. How about walking nude down Pennsylvania Avenue as protected political protest?

Other conservatives shrink from "cluttering up" the Constitution with an amendment on a subject of lesser magnitude. Still others think the worst outcome would be for such an amendment to be sent to the states and then defeated.

A provision does exist, however, in Article III, Section 2, of the Constitution itself. This provision appears to permit Congress to remove a matter such as this from the jurisdiction of the Court: "In all the other cases before mentioned the Court shall have appellate jurisdiction, both as to law and fact, *with such exceptions and under such regulations as the Congress shall make*" [Emphasis added].

Legal opinion differs on the actual efficacy of Article III, Section 2—largely because the provision is seldom used. Presumably, legislation would be introduced in Congress removing the flag issue from the jurisdiction of the Court. A simple majority of both Houses would suffice. What the Court might do about that, if anything, is *terra incognita*.

Before moving to a constitutional amendment, it would be a sign of seriousness and good faith if Congress would at least explore the lesser solution in Article III, Section 2. Since it is already *in* the Constitution, a charge of "tampering" with the Constitution could not plausibly be leveled. Such an approach would stop well short of the heavy artillery of the amending process.

If in the end, however, only a constitutional amendment can protect the flag, we should not embark on such a long-drawn-out and contentious process for such a narrow purpose. Any amendment should address the proper interpretation of the term "freedom of speech." We believe it means freedom of speech and not some broader category of actions into which judges can read an expression of political opinion.

Roger Ailes, Call Your Office

Pack some TV film and fly
Out to L.A., where our guy
Needs a Dracula before
Feinstein wipes him off the floor.

W. H. VON DREELE

Public-School Perversity

IT IS NOT the usual thing for a state superintendent of schools to hold a news conference begging someone to sue him. But Wisconsin's Herbert Grover is in an unusual position. The state legislature has passed, with Governor Tommy Thompson's strong support, a law that gives poor parents in Milwaukee a say in who educates their children. Mr. Grover dislikes the law intensely and wants someone to get an injunction that prevents him from carrying it out. Ever ready to defend the educational status quo, the teachers' unions, plus old civil-rights groups such as the NAACP, have gone to court to have the law declared unconstitutional.

On the other side are poor parents and community and religious leaders, led by black State Representative Annette (Polly) Williams. Mrs. Williams is credited with creating the modest but innovative plan for educational choice. The plan would give one thousand (out of about one hundred thousand) Milwaukee public-school students $2,500 vouchers to go to any "private and nonsectarian" school that will have them. The plan is limited to families that earn no more than 175 per cent of the federal poverty level ($22,236 for a family of four), and to students who are currently in the public-school system. The children involved must also meet strict achievement standards if they are to continue to qualify for the funds. A number of private schools have declared their readiness to participate in the program. The

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Milwaukee plan is far short of a comprehensive voucher system, but the educational establishment knows a camel's nose when it sees one. A story in the *Milwaukee Journal* ends with the laconic observation, "State teachers' unions have long opposed choice plans because they see it as a threat to public-school funding and, in turn, to their jobs."

In reacting against educational reform, the unions argue that some teachers in private schools are not even certified. (How dare they teach without a license.) They point out that some schools do not have programs for children with "special" problems. (Assuming there is a demonstrated connection between such programs and the addressing of those problems.) They claim private schools may promote children automatically in order to stay in the program. (Assuming that poor parents don't know or don't care whether their children are learning.) The protestations, in sum, are perversely procedural and self-protective.

The deeper perversity, however, is in the unions' claim that the plan violates Wisconsin's Public Pur-

RIGHT DATA

Perestroika Stumbles

THE SOVIET ECONOMY is in an "unstable state" where inflation and shortages have "made daily life miserable for all but the most privileged segments of society," according to a recent CIA study. Prospects for even a modest recovery appear remote, and a number of events—strikes in fuel and transportation sectors, ethnic unrest in economically vital regions such as the Ukraine, consumer panic that brings hyperinflation and greater reliance on barter trade—could reduce output by as much a 20 per cent over a year or two.

In this chaos the traditional measure of overall economic performance—GNP—is less informative than in the past:

The Rise and Fall of The Soviet Economy

	GNP	Component of GNP		
		Agriculture	Industry	Transportation
		(average annual percentage change)		
1970–1980	2.4	-1.1	4.0	5.1
1980–1985	1.6	1.1	2.0	2.2
1985–1988	2.5	2.0	2.8	2.2
1989	1.4	3.4	0.0	-0.1

Source: CIA

Total output grew 1.4 per cent last year. That hardly seems catastrophic, although it's considerably below the 2.5 per cent rate of Gorbachev's first few years. But the other figures show where the problems are. Most of last year's rise occurred in agriculture, attributable to good weather. Industrial production was stagnant as declines in defense production canceled increases in consumer goods. And chaotic transportation conditions (reflected in that sector's decline) meant that consumer goods and agricultural output increasingly ended up in freight cars or warehouses instead of store shelves. A survey of state stores found that only two hundred of the 1,200 standard consumer goods were available last August; by year end that figure had plunged to fifty.

None of the consumer-oriented policies appears to be working well. Gorbachev's plan to convert defense factories to consumer-goods production has foundered because of shortages in the necessary retooling equipment. Imports rose a hefty 23 per cent last year, but oil exports dwindled and the USSR's hard-currency trade balance slipped from surplus to deficit. Debt incurred to finance imports has doubled since 1985, impelling Western bankers to tighten credit and charge higher interest rates. The recent trade agreement is unlikely to change things in the short-run, both because of the USSR's limited export potential under current conditions and because similar agreements with Japan and the European Community already grant USSR products Most Favored Nation (MFN) treatment. This accord is of little importance to the success or failure of *perestroika*, for oil, gas, and gold—items not affected by MFN treatment—comprise four-fifths of current Soviet exports.

Even reforms aimed at economic decentralization have proven counterproductive so far. Since 1987 many state enterprises have been allowed to set output so as to maximize profits. But without market prices for a guide, profitable items are not necessarily what consumers want or need. To make matters worse, newly autonomous enterprises used their growing "profits" to increase wages, thereby exacerbating the imbalance between consumer demand and supply.

A prominent casualty of the economic turmoil has been Gorbachev's anti-alcoholism campaign. Apparently vodka is one consumer good the USSR *can* still produce in quantity. Presently its value as a work incentive is regarded as outweighing the risks of increased alcoholism. —Ed Rubenstein

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pose Doctrine. That constitutional tenet holds that public funds may be expended only for public purposes. The unions and the old civil-rights syndicate take the position that "public" means "governmental." It follows that only government schools are public schools. Fatal to the establishment's monopoly on government funding is the insight that, in a free society, public purposes are advanced in myriad ways. Indeed, in a society more free than ours at present, education would typically be under nongovernmental auspices. Unless of course parents, in the absence of a financial incentive to do so, would send their children to government schools. Given the performance of those schools, especially in our urban areas, that seems highly improbable.

The nation has a stake in the Milwaukee plan for educational choice. If it happens there, it can happen elsewhere. The Milwaukee plan isn't what it should be, but it's better than what is. We wish the reformers well. The poor deserve a break from the failed tutelage of a self-serving system that relies on legal coercion when it has lost public confidence. By its own implicit admission, it has lost public confidence. Otherwise it would not fear the idea that people should have a choice.

Straining at the GATT

LIGHTS, CAMERA, RETALIATION! It's spring, and the international trade theater is in high season. U.S. Trade Representative Carla Hills gave a bravura performance at the annual Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development meetings, castigating the European Community for stubbornly high farm subsidies. The Europeans insisted that textile quotas were the main sticking point to further trade liberalization. A few weeks earlier the drama centered on Washington's annual listing of unfair traders. Brazil, India, and Japan were found guilty last year. The Japanese were about to be indicted again when George Bush put a full nelson on Prime Minister Kaifu: the Structural Impediments Initiative commits Japan to buy more of our supercomputers and communications satellites and to divert more of their investment to public infrastructure.

As with all theater, the audience must suspend disbelief. It's no secret—pace Mrs. Hills—that we protect our farmers from international competition at least as thoroughly as the Europeans. To assume that Japan will honor this latest accord is to let hope triumph over long experience: all previous bilateral "agreements" focusing on specific results *vis-à-vis* Japan have failed, and this one is reportedly less precisely drawn than most. The entire exercise is based on a fallacy. Trade restraints are not the cause of America's trade deficit. The U.S. has a trade deficit because the unrestricted, voluntary inflow of foreign capital keeps the exchange rate of the dollar at a level where U.S. imports exceed U.S. exports.

A successful Uruguay Round would mitigate the recurring springtime "crisis" and with it the dangerous protectionist thrust of U.S. trade policy. An agreement on agriculture is the key. Both the U.S. and Europe must liberalize hitherto sacred quotas on the importation of sugar, dairy products, and beef. The U.S. should be prepared to terminate voluntary-restraint agreements on steel; the Europeans to open up government procurement contracts to foreign bidders.

Seven earlier rounds of multinational negotiations under GATT auspices have pushed average tariff rates on industrial products down from 40 per cent in 1947 to 5 per cent today; the volume of trade has expanded twentyfold. By contrast, the Smoot–Hawley tariffs of 1929–1930 set off a chain of retaliatory measures that brought down the economies of every developed nation. World trade shrank by 40 per cent, global manufacturing fell by 35 per cent, and GNP in the Western countries by 18 per cent (28 per cent in the United States).

Today's negotiations, underway since 1985, face a July deadline. The Bush Administration would be well advised to abandon the retaliatory approach as part of a successful Uruguay Round package.

Mandelamania

THE BEST THING about Nelson Mandela's trip to this country is its carnival atmosphere. The sword-swallowing and the hoop-jumping make it difficult for the radical Left to propagate the details of Mandela's beliefs. They also, unfortunately, make it difficult for normal people to notice them.

Nelson Mandela apparently likes to keep up with old allies from his revolutionary days. He agreed to share a podium in New York with the three aged Puerto Ricans who shot up the House of Representatives in 1954 (the gunman who had tried to murder Harry Truman four years earlier was invited, but made his excuses). Jewish organizations made a fuss, soon squelched, about his fondness for Yasir Arafat. Earlier this year, he visited Qaddafi in Tripoli, and praised his "fight for peace and human rights," while, in Luanda, he praised Castro for the same thing.

Such cordiality toward the Caliban Left might be seen as rhetorical camouflage for hard-headed accommodation with de Klerk and the South African whites. More serious for the future of South Africa, however, is Mandela's continuing confidence in Com-

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munism and Communists at home. Mandela paid tribute to the South African Communist Party and its leader, Joe Slovo, in the first speech upon his release. Statements Mandela has made since then concerning his economic plans have been unclear, which, in the circumstances, is an improvement. But the fact remains that, at a time when the radical socialist ideal is so discredited that even Bulgarian and Rumanian Communists find it prudent to go by other names, Mandela is proud to associate himself with it. The economic prospects of a country under his stewardship look grim indeed.

They are ringing the bells now, Horace Walpole remarked on a similar occasion. "They will be wringing their hands soon enough."

He saw that governments are not supposed to forget their country's interests because of popular hysteria. While Mandela is being feted in Washington, the ANC is murdering its black rivals in Natal and driving the armed whites into a supremacist laager by insisting on the maintenance of sanctions. If the Bush Administration joins in the hoopla for Mandela and glosses over the reality of the ANC it will share responsibility for the fire next time.

Gorbachev Speaks

SOVIET President Mikhail Gorbachev has changed the Soviet Union fundamentally, but amid the tumult of "democratization," one thing has not changed: the fogginess of Soviet official declarations and the unerring tendency, in a critical situation, to substitute words for deeds.

The most recent example of this is the confrontation over Lithuania. Under pressure from Western European leaders and from Boris Yeltsin, newly installed as Russian president, Gorbachev has agreed to engage the Lithuanians in negotiations. But in return for talking they must freeze the consequences of their declaration of independence. Under these circumstances, the Lithuanians could easily find themselves bogged down in negotiations while the independence they sought is shorn of any pretense of reality.

Similarly, one of Gorbachev's favorite solutions for the nationality problem is a Soviet confederation whose details are hinted at but never really explained. When the Russian republic declared that its laws would take precedence over those of the central authorities, Gorbachev could take comfort from the fact that the central authorities are in control of the country's law-enforcement mechanism, which will adjudicate any conflict. When the Baltic republics issued declarations of sovereignty last year, they were not even able to legalize private property.

Gorbachev also encourages talk of a market and has gone so far as to say that if the present economic system is not changed, Soviet society will die. But when plans for the 1991–95 five-year plan were revealed in December, they indicated that after more than four years of Mr. Gorbachev's *perestroika* the country had not in any significant way modified the system of central planning. In the recent proposals for economic reform by Prime Minister Nikolai Ryzhkov the introduction of markets remained vague and the main thing spelled out was the raising of prices.

All signs suggest time is running out for the Soviets, and where words lose all meaning, the conviction grows that the only way to settle anything is through force.

House Calls

DR. JACK KEVORKIAN made national headlines when he took a 54-year-old patient out to his van and hitched her up to a contraption that intravenously fed her poison. Suffering from Alzheimer's, she wanted to die—though she was in many ways healthy and her husband hoped to the end that she'd change her mind.

John F. Kiley suggests that the woman suffered from a philosophic disorder that was worse than Alzheimer's—a fear of facing reality whole: "She was in fatal flight from her terrifying *thought* about Alzheimer's disease." And Dr. Kevorkian apparently made no effort either to diagnose or treat this underlying illness. He merely eliminated symptoms, along with life. (Dr. Kevorkian, writes Dr. Kiley, suffers from his own philosophic disease: playing God.)

Even euthanasia advocates were disturbed by the way she died. "It's not death with dignity to have to travel two thousand miles from home and have to die in the back of a camper," one said.

No, it isn't. But it's in the logic of things that she should have died this way: tackily. The advance promotion for abortion and infanticide imagines them impelled by necessity and performed under ideal conditions. But in time the routine reality becomes sleazier. If life has no intrinsic value, why should the end of life have any grace?

Roger Allan Moore, R I P

I FIRST glimpsed Roger Moore at a meeting of the New England Council of Young Republican Clubs at Cambridge in the spring of 1950. He was only a freshman at Harvard, but tall, and even then rather craggy, and he moved through the crowd with the aplomb of a polished politician, pausing

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now and then to impart a word of advice or reassurance to some nervous colleague.

I made it a point to get to know this impressive young man, and we fast became friends. I was an usher at his wedding to Barbara Wildman, an elegant young beauty from the Pennsylvania Main Line, at the end of his second year at Harvard Law School, and I became the godfather of their eldest son, Marshall—born, Roger was fond of noting, on the very night of Eisenhower's re-election in 1956.

Roger became first a member, then in 1960 chairman, of NATIONAL REVIEW's corporate board of directors. He was also a key member of the small group of conservative Republican politicians who in the early 1960s translated NATIONAL REVIEW's political analyses into the momentous drive that nominated Barry Goldwater for President in 1964 and elected Ronald Reagan in 1980. He was the parliamentarian and chief legal advisor of the Goldwater team at the 1964 convention, and of the Reagan forces in the conventions of 1968, 1976, and 1980. He went on to serve as general counsel of the Republican National Committee during Reagan's two Administrations.

Roger's devotion to conservative Republicanism was matched by a profound allegiance to the way of life traditionally associated with the word "Boston." He had been born and raised in suburban Framingham, but his years at Harvard and its law school laid the foundations for a life that John P. Marquand would have approved.

He went to work for Ropes & Gray, Boston's largest and most distinguished law firm, and in due course became a partner. Moving his growing family into an elderly house on Beacon Hill, he joined the Beacon Hill Civic Association. He so enraptured his fellow members with his unvarying report as chairman of the Curb-Your-Dog Committee ("No progress," delivered in a resonant baritone) that they soon elected him president of the association.

He became senior warden of the Anglican Church of the Advent, nearby on Beacon Hill, and was long a fixture of the prestigious Somerset Club, behind its tinted windows on Beacon Street. I treasure an early memory of the young attorney, in his Chesterfield and black hamburg, with his hands clasped behind him, walking proudly across Boston Common, one protective half-step behind Barbara, as she pushed the pram containing little Marshall. (Like another of their four children, Marshall attended Groton before going on—naturally—to Harvard.)

Roger's rather solemn manner concealed a warm heart and a wicked sense of humor. At the 1988 Republican convention in New Orleans, members of his staff in the general counsel's office assembled in pamphlet form, for the benefit of posterity, nearly forty hilarious aphorisms he had taught them: shrewd bits of advice on conventions and politics in general, laced with Yankee wit. "Moore's Maxims of Deliberative Assemblies" is studded with gems. (Maxim 21: "Really important people don't carry walkie-talkies." Maxim 32: "Prefer rogues to fools: rogues sometimes take a rest." And—my own favorite—Maxim 37: "Conservatives' Commandment: Don't just do something—stand there!")

Shortly after that convention, the doctors diagnosed the cancer that would kill him. He bore it as he believed a Bostonian should: stoically, silently; but he put up a tremendous battle. When at last he died, on June 4, 1990, at the age of 58, I was sure he would want no finer epitaph than the words inscribed on the cover of "Moore's Maxims":

Roger Allan Moore, Esquire
Partner of Ropes & Gray
General Counsel of the Republican National Committee
Chairman of the Board of National Review, Inc.
Senior Warden of the Church of the Advent
Member of the Class of 1953

He didn't consider it necessary to identify the college. —WILLIAM A. RUSHER

More, Please

Recalling things from outer space
That have a stomach for a face,
  The S&Ls
Make Mr. Brady's upper lip
Turn sweaty as the creatures grip
  Both his lapels.

W. H. VON DREELE

NOTES & ASIDES

■ Dear Bill:

I have given long and careful thought to what follows. It is something I feel I have to do. I urge you to give it sympathetic and immediate consideration. I send it to you 1) because you are my best friend; and 2) because *NR* is the logical publication for this statement.

It has been nearly four years since *NR* published "John Woolman's" missive, "A Conservative Speaks Out for Gay Rights." It may not surprise you to know that I have kept a clipping of that article all this time. It sits in a file which although not titled may as well be called my file on Conservatives of Courage on the Issue of Homosexuality. It is a very thin file. You were courageous to run John Woolman's letter as a prominent article, and to allow him, 18 months later, to publish his "AIDS and Right Wing Hysteria." Your doing so brought a feeling of genuine admiration in this old friend.

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We've known each other for almost 35 years now, and ten years ago you served as my godfather when I entered the Catholic Church. Though the subject never arose, you and Pat, among my oldest friends, must have known that I'm gay. It never seemed to matter.

But it does matter to many "movement" conservatives—this question of who is, who is not gay; and they wonder whether homosexuals are a menace to society. Just as, too often, there has been an undercurrent of anti-Semitism among even some mainstream conservatives, there has always been an element of homophobia among us. In many years of service to The Cause, I've sat in rooms where people we both know—brilliant, thoughtful, kind people—have said, without any sense of shame, vulgar and cruel things about people who through no fault of their own happen to be different in their sexuality.

Anti-Semitism is something that, happily for the history of the last three decades, NATIONAL REVIEW helped to banish at least from the public behavior of conservatives. NATIONAL REVIEW lifted conservatism to a more enlightened plane, away from a tendency to engage in the manipulation of base motives, prejudices, and desires: activity which in my view tended to be a major base of conservatism's natural constituency back then. Political gay bashing, racism, and anti-Semitism survive even in this golden period of conservatism's great triumphs: but they are for the most part hidden in the closet. I think they are waiting to be let out once again. I worry that the right wing, having won the cold war and, for all intents and purposes, the battle over economic policy, will return to the fever swamps. I see evidence of this. It disturbs me greatly. It is for this reason that I write.

I am almost 67 years old. For more than half of my lifetime I have been engaged in, and indeed helped to organize and maintain, the conservative and anti-Communist cause. The names of some of the enterprises we helped launch may bring a nostalgic tug. I name some of them to establish my bona fides as someone who has toiled on behalf of the movement.

Among the more obscure committees I was involved with were the American Committee for Aid to the Katanga Freedom-Fighters; the American Emergency Committee for Tibetan Refugees; the Emergency Committee on the Panama Canal; the Aid to Refugee Chinese Intellectuals. Among the better known, of course, are the Committee of One Million, Young Americans for Freedom, the American Conservative Union, the Conservative Party of New York, and the Goldwater and Reagan campaigns. All the time I labored in the conservative vineyard, I was gay.

This was not my choice: the term "sexual preference" is deceptive. It is how I was born; how God decreed that I should be. As with most gay men of my generation, I kept it secret. It was probably not a secret to those who knew me well—my beloved friends and family—but no one Spoke Its Name. I now regret all those years of compliant silence.

Why have I chosen this moment to go public with that part of my life that had been so private for all these years? Because I fear that our cause might sink back into the ooze in which so much of it rested in pre-*NR* days. In that dark age the American Right was heavily, perhaps dominantly, made up of bigots: anti-Semites, anti-Catholics, the KKK, rednecks, Know Nothings, a sorry lot of public hucksters and religious medicine men. I think there is general agreement that it wasn't until the founding of this publication that the modern American conservative movement was granted light and form.

I was privileged to be a part of the enterprise from its earliest days, together with such great men as Whittaker Chambers, Frank Meyer, James Burnham, Russell Kirk, Brent Bozell—all of them. This effort, combined with the groups we founded, resulted in the eight-year reign of Ronald Reagan.

Now times are changing. There is no longer the anti-Communist cement to hold the edifice together. The great enterprise, in which so much time has been invested, is in danger of sinking back to an aggregation of bigotries.

Too many of our friends have recently used homophobia to sell their newsletters, or to raise money through direct mail for their causes and themselves. This letter isn't designed to settle scores, but rather to give warning to the movement from someone who's been a part of it for three and a half decades.

I've watched as some of our conservative brethren, employing the direct-mail medium I helped pioneer, use Robert Mapplethorpe's bad taste and the NEA's poor judgment to rile small donors, provoking them with a vision of a homosexual vanguard intent on forcing sadomasochistic images into every schoolroom. . . . I have been appalled to read in newsletters by conservative leaders that George Bush, by inviting a gay leader to a White House ceremony, is caving in to "the homosexual lobby." . . . I was outraged to see a spokesman for one of the more prominent conservative foundations quoted as saying that the cost of treating AIDS patients "could be the greatest impetus for euthanasia we've ever seen."

I worry about those allegedly Christian televangelists preaching hatred and fear of gays. These are men who would deny to more than twenty million Americans even the joy of peaceful union with their own families. . . . None of this seems to me to be the purpose of the cause I joined, along with you, 35 years ago.

A personal note is in order. I am both gay and conservative and don't find a contradiction. There shouldn't be any "shame" in being gay. Moreover, the conservative view, based as it is on the inherent rights of the individual over the state, is the logical

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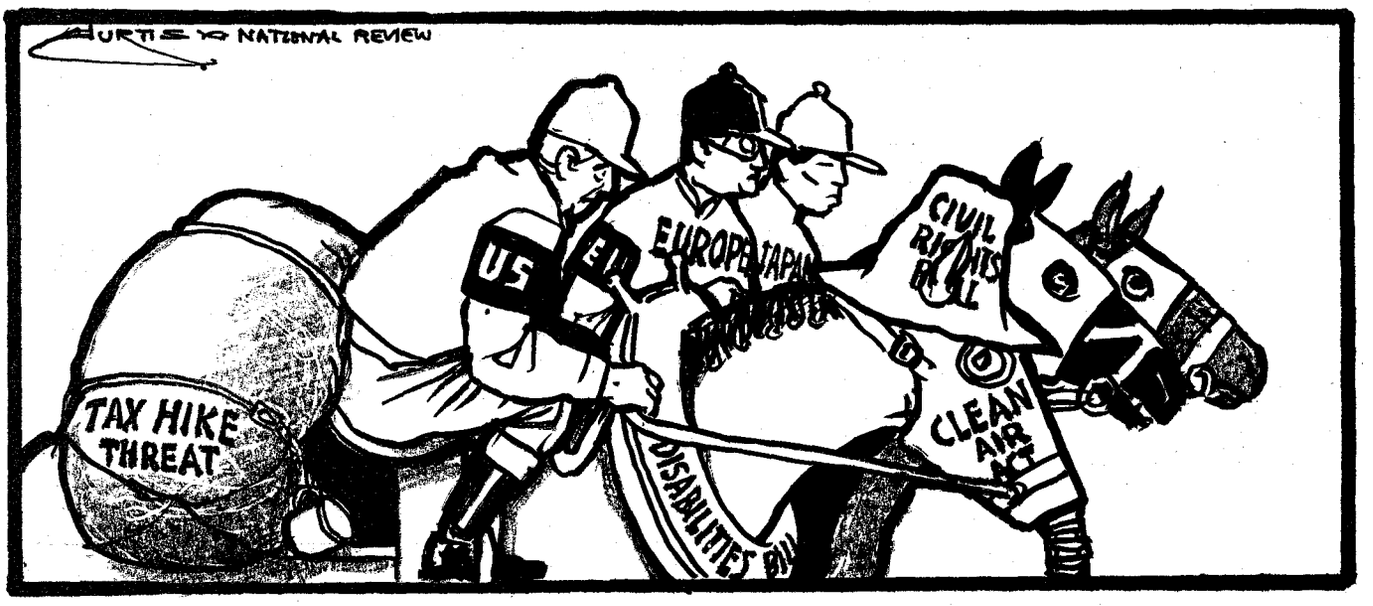

political home of gay men and women. The conservative movement must reject the bigots and the hypocrites and provide a base for gays as well as others. The politics of inclusion is the model by which what we achieved with Ronald Reagan can continue and flourish without the anti-Communist and the anti-tax movements as sustaining elements. Conservatives need to remind themselves that gay men and women, almost always residing in the closet, were among those who helped in the founding, nurturing, and maintaining of the movement. They should be welcomed based on common beliefs, and without regard to our response to different sexual stimuli. One's sexuality should not be factored into acceptance in a cause that is based on beliefs, no more than color, or ethnic origin: because sexuality isn't a belief, it's a factor of birth.

One day the conservative movement will recognize that there are gays among us who have advanced our cause. They should not be victims of small-mindedness, prejudice, fear, or cynicism. That day may be a long way off, and I sometimes think the trend is in the opposite direction. NATIONAL REVIEW could have an important role here, once again guiding conservatives toward the more enlightened path. I pray that it will.

As ever, your friend,
Marvin Liebman

Dear Marvin: I hope you will believe me when I say that I understand the pain you have felt. Certainly I honor your decision to raise publicly the points you raise. My affection and respect for you are indelibly recorded here and there, in many ways, in many places.

But you too must realize what are the implications of what you ask. Namely, that the Judaeo-Christian tradition, which is aligned with, no less, one way of life, become indifferent to another way of life.

There is of course argument on the question whether homosexuality is in all cases congenital. But let us assume that this is so, and then ask: Is it reasonable to expect the larger community to cease to think of the activity of homosexuals as unnatural, whatever its etiology?

The social question then becomes: How, exercising toleration and charity, ought the traditional community to treat that minority? Ought considerations of charity entirely swamp us, causing us to submerge convictions having to do with that which we deem to be normal, and healthy?

It is a vexed and vexing subject, and your poignant letter serves to remind us of the pain we often inflict, sometimes unintentionally, sometimes sadistically. It is wholesome that we should be reproached for causing that pain, and useful to be reminded that we need to redouble the effort on the one hand to understand, even as we must be true to ourselves in maintaining convictions rooted, in our opinion, in theological and moral truths. You help us to remember that a gay person overhearing relaxed chatter mean-spirited in its references to gays suffers. Suffers just as much as an unidentifiably Jewish or Catholic human being would suffer on hearing invidious locker-room talk about their ethnic or religious affiliations.

I close by saying that NATIONAL REVIEW will not be scarred by thoughtless gay-bashing, let alone be animated by such practices. I qualify this only by acknowledging that humor (if wholesomely motivated) is as irresistible to us, as it is to you. You are absolutely correct in saying that gays should be welcome as partners in efforts to mint sound public policies; not correct, in my judgment, in concluding that such a partnership presupposes the repeal of convictions that are more, much more, than mere accretions of bigotry. You remain, always, my dear friend, and my brother in combat. **—WFB**

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While Congress Slept . . .

SUSAN MANDEL

Jennifer Lawson

WASHINGTON

WHEN Congress approved a massive overhaul of the $47-billion-a-year Medicare physician payment program in December, no one paid attention. Too bad. For this "reform"—designed to even out pay differences among medical specialities—has in fact turned out to be a giant step forward for those pushing for comparable-worth legislation removing wages from the marketplace.

That's not the way proponents will put it, particularly Dr. William Hsiao, the Harvard economist who hatched the Relative Value System (RVS) of payment. But a number of others disagree, and it's interesting to note that the American Nurses Association claims that the new physician payment system sets a precedent for their own struggle for comparable-worth payment.

As with all such comparable worth plans the RVS appears to be based on the Marxist labor theory of value, which is another way of saying that value is totally arbitrary. True enough, Dr. Hsiao has given his system a scientific gloss by coming up with values for hundreds of physician services based on his research over the last decade. Ultimately his RVS will "rationalize" fees for some seven thousand different services, the general principle being that this is accomplished more readily by a Harvard equation than by the thousands of individual decisions that go into a market price.

This is dubious on the face of it, but RVS is pernicious for another reason, the egalitarianism common to almost all centrally administered pricing mechanisms: the goal of bringing the incomes of higher-paid specialties (surgery, radiology, etc.) in line with those of lower-paid ones (internists, general practitioners, etc.). Here is where the arbitrariness of the plan comes in, for to reach this goal the planners assign more weight to office visits and the like and less weight to medical procedures, almost the exact opposite of the way the current system works. The bottom line is that surgeons and diagnostic specialists will ultimately see their Medicare fees fall by an average 30 per cent while, say, general practitioners will realize a similar increase. Sensing the opportunity, organizations of chiropractors, podiatrists, and optometrists have already asked Congress to include their specialties in the RVS as well so they too can earn "equal pay for equal work."

Not surprisingly the first to push for this system were some of those doctors on the lower rungs of income level, represented by the American Society of Internal Medicine (ASIM), which endorsed RVS back in 1981. At that time few people outside their own ranks thought that pay differences between specialities was a major social problem. But by the mid-1980s Medicare payments to physicians was growing at an annual 15 per cent clip, one of the fastest-expanding areas of the federal budget (in part because of other federal incentives, such as cost controls limiting hospital stays, which in turn boost outpatient service). Congress took note.

The ASIM argued to Congress that certain medical specialties were overpaid. Now, this happens to be true, largely due to other incentives (already built into our medical system by prior acts of political meddling) that encourage one kind of service over another. ASIM's argument touched a nerve in Congress because of its frustration over the rising costs it had helped fuel. In its zeal to legislate, however, Congress overlooked the fact that the RVS wouldn't *save* any money—all it does is redistribute it differently among doctors. Again it is interesting to note that perhaps the biggest proponent of RVS in Congress was a former nurse, Sheila Burke, chief of staff to Senate Minority Leader Robert Dole (Kan.).

There was never really any debate in Congress over whether or not the RVS was a good idea. The Physician Payment Review Commission, created in 1987 to advise Congress on payment reform, swiftly endorsed the concept. This itself was foreordained, given the commission's general liberal make-up, including former health policy advisors to the failed Dukakis and Mondale campaigns. The American Medical Association approved it as well, perhaps for the simple reason that more of its members stood to gain than to lose under RVS. And so the "reform" sailed through Congress with hardly any thought, under the vague notion that it could somehow be used to put a damper on physician costs.

The Bush Administration bears some blame as well. Health and Human Services Secretary Louis Sullivan, William Roper, then chief of the White House Office of Policy Development, and Budget Director Richard Darman all went to Capitol Hill to lobby on behalf of RVS. The irony is that, according to Mr. Roper, the White House does not really care for RVS itself; it saw it merely as a means to put government caps on Medicare physician costs. In other

Miss Mandel is NR*'s congressional reporter.*

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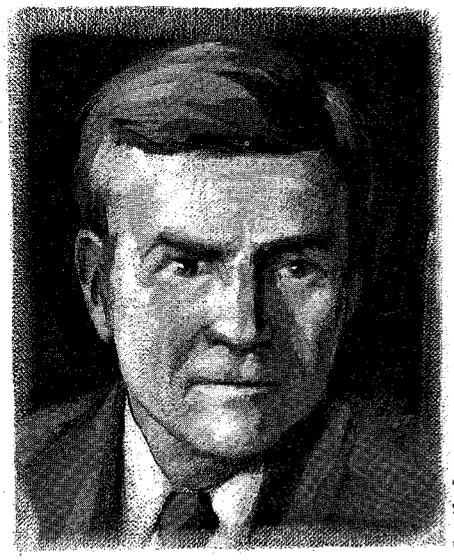
words the White House aimed to add one layer of regulation to try to solve the problems caused by a prior layer of regulation.

The real problem, of course, is that the market hasn't been operating in the U.S. health-care system for some time. Between private insurance (usually paid for by the employer and not taxed), Medicare, and Medicaid, no one is paying for his own medical treatment, which means that after meeting one's deductible payment, there's no reason not to consume as many services as possible—and if the visit is free, why not see the doctor at the first sign of trouble? So-called reforms such as RVS leave this foundation of perverse incentives intact, and only create more problems.

That's bad enough, but in this case the distortion of the price system went one step further: toward incomes. As the nurses were quick to realize, the RVS moved us closer toward setting up comparable-worth mechanisms that would, for example, require that secretaries and truck drivers be paid the same; for once you take prices out of the market and give them to the government, almost anything can happen. And you can bet that there will be another Harvard economist to come up with the right theory to justify it. □

Every Clod Has a Silber Lining

DAVID BRUDNOY



Jennifer Lawson

BOSTON

THE MASSACHUSETTS gubernatorial story this year is a tale of two who weren't there—Mayor Raymond L. Flynn, who played reluctant debutante all last year before finally doing a Coolidge and choosing not to run; and Congressman Joseph Kennedy, ditto, who has clearly chosen to wait 'til his uncle relinquishes that God-given family Senate seat some time in the twenty-first century—and Dr. John Silber, president of Boston University, the guy who by common wisdom shouldn't be in the race at all.

Mr. Brudnoy hosts WBZ Radio's late evening talk program and is film critic of the TAB chain of newspapers in Massachusetts.

But . . . but he *is* in the race, discombobulating the Democratic Establishment, which expected another insider run for and grasp of the brass ring—the GOP hasn't held the governorship since 1974—and irritating the Republicans, from whose candidates many GOP rank-and-filers are evidently scurrying, the better to vote for the on-leave BU president. Although many Democratic liberals abandoned their party's choice, conservative Edward J. King, for the GOP's wan, diffident, liberal (but not too liberal) state Representative Francis Hatch in 1978, some of these same people are now grousing that Silber isn't really a Democrat, owing to his unforgivable presidential votes for Ronald Reagan and George Bush. Moreover, Texas-style Democrats like John Silber (who when integrationist dean at the University of Texas was by local standards thought to be a wild-eyed liberal) aren't much loved in the People's Republic of Massachusetts, at least not by the legatees of George McGovern, Walter Mondale, Ted Kennedy, and Mike Dukakis. Only The People appear to like Silber. Alas, The People sometimes vote—but only for candidates permitted to run by the party bosses. In 1982, to avoid a three-man run for the Democratic nomination, Dukakis's machine engineered the rule whereby only those who took 15 per cent of the party convention votes could appear on the September ballot. The GOP has of late borrowed this lamentable practice, reducing this year's field to two:

William Weld, a lanky, wealthy charmer with High WASP credentials, former U.S. Attorney and former honcho in the Meese Justice Department, though he resigned lest his escutcheon be blotted by association with the beseiged Meese. Mr. Weld presents himself as a liberal Republican "tough guy" (Thomas Dewey leaps to mind). He opposes new taxes, favors the death penalty, favors *Roe*-like abortion rights, stresses his reputation as a foe of corruption, but trails badly in the polls as the Massachusetts GOP has shied away from the "me-too" Republicanism that had its heyday with Governor Francis Sargeant and Senator Edward Brooke, and hasn't won a race since 1972. Weld was swamped at the GOP convention by the less-well-known:

Steven Pierce, minority leader in the State House of Representatives, who looks like a nerd but isn't. New Hampshire–like in his anti-new-tax stance and as tough as Weld on crime, Pierce stands to Weld's right on the social issues. He's anti-abortion, though maddeningly imprecise about what, if anything, he might do as governor to stop it. Unlike Mr. Weld, Representative Pierce is opposed to the new state policy permitting foster parenting by homosexuals and against the new "gay rights" law as well. Facing him across the political spectrum is:

Evelyn Murphy, twice a cabinet officer in the Dukedom though not the Duke's choice as his running-mate or a power as lieutenant governor. Dr. Murphy—she has publicly complained that Silber's doctorate attaches routinely to him while her's does not—is the Democratic liberals' great hope: she's pro-new-taxes, pro-abortion, even unto the last second before birth, pro-everything in the liberal social agenda, and the victim of Dukakis's utter failure through his final four years. The Lieutenant Governor emerged at the June convention as one of three Democrats getting above the requisite 15 per cent, thus pitting her against:

Francis Bellotti, lieutenant governor eons ago, often a candidate for governor, and for 12 years a successful attorney general. This George Hamilton of Bay State politics, whose tan is eternal and whose vigor belies his 67 years, holds carefully construed mod-

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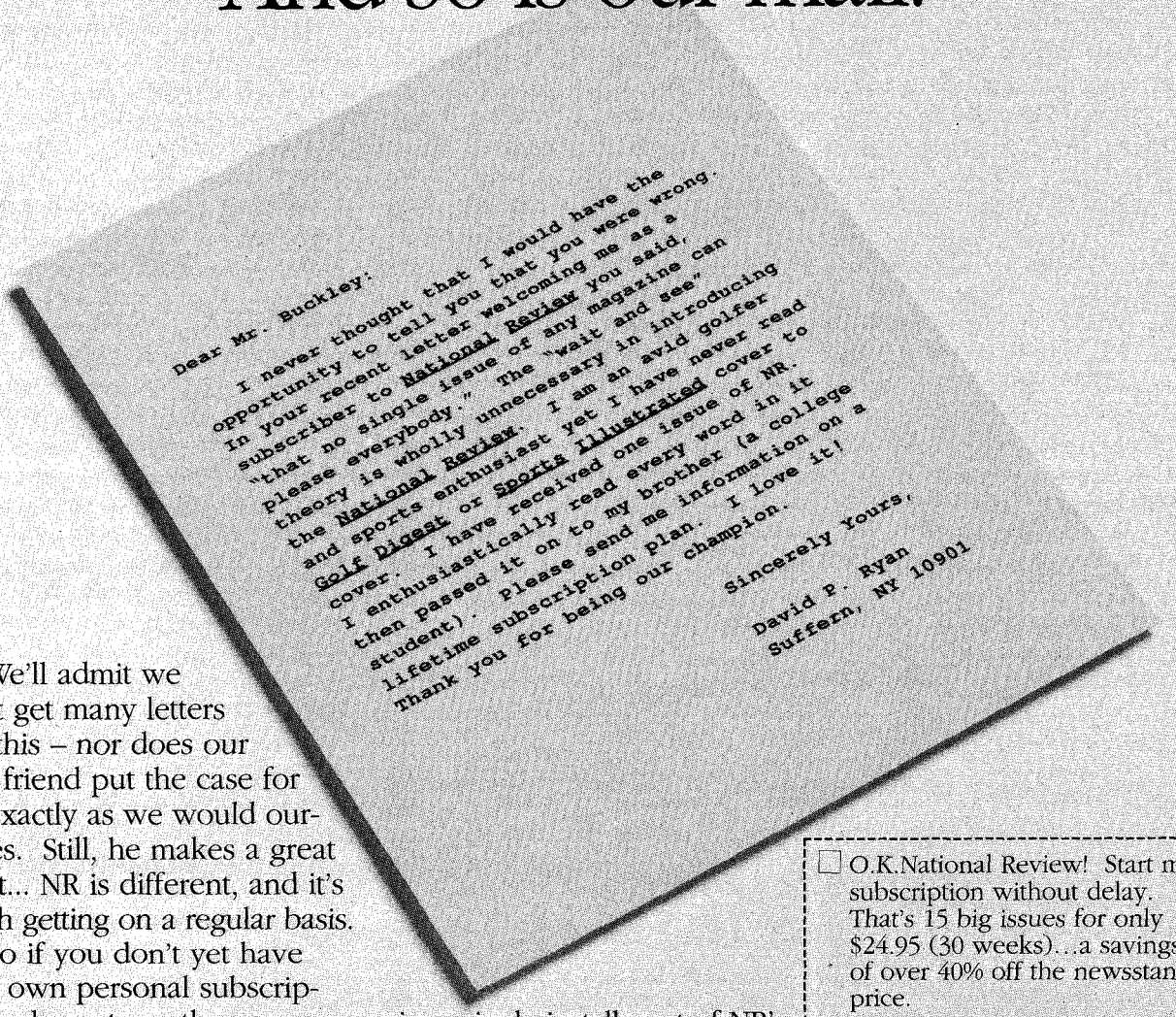
Each issue of National Review is full of wonderful surprises. And so is our mail!


Dear Mr. Buckley:
I never thought that I would have the opportunity to tell you that you were wrong. In your recent letter welcoming me as a subscriber to National Review you said, "that no single issue of any magazine can please everybody." The "wait and see" theory is wholly unnecessary in introducing the National Review. I am an avid golfer and sports enthusiast yet I have never read Golf Digest or Sports Illustrated cover to cover. I have received one issue of NR. I enthusiastically read every word in it then passed it on to my brother (a college student). Please send me information on a lifetime subscription plan. I love it!
Thank you for being our champion.
Sincerely Yours,
David P. Ryan
Suffern, NY 10901

We'll admit we don't get many letters like this – nor does our new friend put the case for NR exactly as we would ourselves. Still, he makes a great point... NR is different, and it's worth getting on a regular basis.

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NATIONAL REVIEW

America's Conservative Magazine

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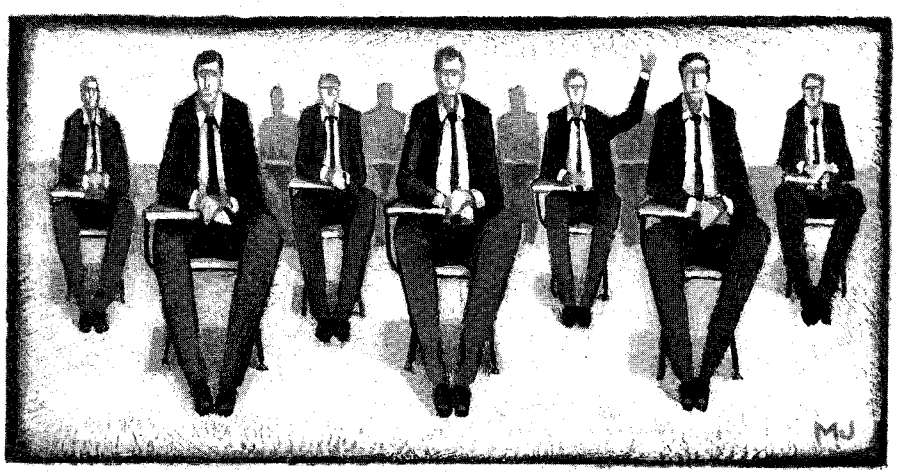
erate views on everything, accepts a just-shy of Murphyesque position on abortion though formerly pro-life, has a Midas-like war chest, is the consummate insider, and should be odds-on favorite to win the nod in September, save for the irritating (to him) presence of:

John Silber, who regards the party stalwarts as irrelevant hacks. He squeaked by the 15 per cent rule (15.5) at a convention disrupted by a short and illegal police strike. (Massachusetts Democrats would no sooner cross a union picket line than Dracula would stock up on garlic at the A & P.) Silber has analogized the 15 per cent rule to white racist policies in the Southern Democratic primaries of yore, called the Bay State a "welfare magnate," proposes (*a la* Charles Murray) a cut-off of welfare funds for second-time illegitimate mothers, opposes abortion personally but pledges not to do anything about it through law, and offers, in keeping with his recent book *Straight Shooting*, a grab-bag of intriguing (and to Democratic liberals infuriating) ideas for revitalizing this now near-moribund state. Ronnie Dugger, the editor of the *Texas Observer*, writes, "there is something in [Silber] that's noble: the doctrine of personal excellence." But Massachusetts is different: Margery Eagan, the always quotable, poisonously readable *Herald* columnist, wrote on March 3, "If you don't like blacks or Asians or Jews or women or special education or homosexuals or welfare, John Silber is covering all the bases. He may be the man for you."

But the state that went for Reagan twice and avoided going for Bush only because of the presence of the Homeboy, Michael Dukakis, at the top of the ticket has been showing unexpected signs of a move rightward throughout the past decade. At the moment, the two most liberal candidates, Weld and Murphy, scramble to stay alive; the senior pol, Bellotti, must counter the Silber surge; and the GOP conservative, Pierce, and the Democratic maverick, Silber, seem headed to the nomination. But Massachusetts lives by unique rules; if only Harold Stassen were available. □

Reforming the Academy

TIM WHEELER



Matt Jasiorkowski

CHICAGO

TURNING HIS GAZE from one nearly hopeless situation to another, John Silber took an evening off from contemplating the Massachusetts political scene this April in order to address the Philadelphia Society on "The Trouble with the Academy." Mr. Silber made his apologies gracefully, after Aristotle: "I am running for governor to avoid being governed by somebody less competent than I am." The academy, he said, moving to his topic, was better off than in 1970, but "remarkably deteriorated" from, say, 1950. Today the hot war of campus radicalism of Vietnam days has given way to "something like a cold war." The threat is from within. In such cases as Dartmouth *vs.* the *Dartmouth Review*, Wellesley *vs.* Mrs. Bush (for being a good mother and a loyal wife), and Stanford's "Hey, hey, ho, ho, Western culture's gotta go," radical professors are using their protected positions to destroy the very basis of a university.

"We understand our humanity better," said Professor Silber, by studying Homer and the classics. The idea that students can learn only by beginning with a particular exploration of their own social or ethnic identity is "pernicious."

The "new barbarism is a smoother article than that of the past," so it is harder to identify and deal with. But it remains, as Orwell put it, "nonsense so bad that only an intellectual could believe it." The way home is by recovering our roots and our Western moral ideas.

The audience was of course sympathetic. The Philadelphia Society was organized in 1964 as a forum for debating and reconciling the traditionalist and libertarian strands of conservative thought. Fierce debate was guaranteed at the early meetings by the inevitable failure of the hotel air conditioning. But that part of the proceedings is long gone, paradoxically because the factions have multiplied. The year the Society started, the Goldwater campaign was notoriously being run by car and insurance salesman; today meetings draw from a large pool of intellectuals, from academia, think-tanks, government, and other parts of a sprawling movement. And the Society, thanks in large part to the genial collegiality fostered by founder and secretary Don Lipsett, helps to build a working concensus, with occasional storms such as the much-publicized "paleo- vs. neo-conservative" clash a few years back.

The rest of the conference was devoted to a search for agreement on Silber's way home. The title of the first Saturday session—"Classical Learning and the Content of Education"—may have sounded a bit dry, but it provided some of the liveliest discussion of the weekend, both as to the extent to which the founding generation knew Latin and Greek and used those classical languages in its regular reading, and as to the feasibility of introducing this now into even (or especially) our worst inner-city public schools—as a way out of our present morass.

The classics approach was propounded by Thomas Fleming of the

Mr. Wheeler is an NR *contributing editor.*

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Rockford Institute and E. Christian Kopff of Colorado University, both of whom eloquently discussed the road we followed to our present malaise. "Decay of republican government," Fleming observed, "exactly coincides with the decay of classical education." Part of the problem, Kopff added, was that we have lost Albert Jay Nock's distinction between the formative and the instrumental—roughly, between true education aimed to build a whole human life and mere training for useful or vocational purposes. And both speakers called for drastic measures. "We do not need reform," said Fleming. "We need counter-revolution." Kopff told us of a school in a part of Philadelphia one hardly dares visit, in which the principal managed to introduce Greek under some fancy educationese program designation. In fact, it's a serious program that has children of the underclass excited about learning for the first time.

J. Rufus Fears of Boston University was unconvinced that many modern school hierarchies would accept a reintroduction of the classics (however much good it might do the children if they did), but agreed that we need to return to the Founders' view that the public purpose of education is to enhance freedom within a civic framework. His prescription for our educational ills was a return to the straight classical form, teaching children to be free citizens with core values.

Outgoing Philadelphia Society president Forrest McDonald continued the theme in his valedictory luncheon speech, with reflections on why the Founding generation was so superior to our own. "Their main advantage over us," he ventured, "was that they viewed history . . . more realistically than we do." They knew history deeply and felt themselves part of the long human story. It is we who have cut ourselves adrift when we can dismiss some very recent event, "as George Bush is wont to do," with the contemptuous phrase, "That's history!"

The idea that more government funding could possibly be part of the solution rather than part of the problem got mercilessly and thoroughly drubbed in the first afternoon session, "The Federal Burden: The Behemoth." The first two speakers—John Howard of the Rockford Institute and George C. Roche III of Hillsdale College—came from the trenches with first-hand accounts of how federal funding (and consequent federal control) goes wrong. Mr. Howard cited four specific problems created by federal programs: 1) the emphasis on research (which leaves every question open, and thus nullifies the ancient judgment of virtue); 2) the exclusion of religion, hence the fundamental failure to transmit moral values to succeeding generations; 3) centralization (vs. educational oversight by family and community); 4) politicization of education: "decision-making by decimals."

Mr. Roche also traced many of our problems to our abdication of responsibility to a "bureaucratic cabal" at all levels of government. And he brought an answer—although one that he knows from experience has trouble competing with the government in its ever-soaring student-aid funding. The answer is that a true institute of learning must be independent, as Hillsdale learned in its epic collision with the Feds a few years ago.

The third panelist, Peter Brimelow of *Forbes*, spoke of a cost analysis of education. Spending has quintupled, reports Brimelow, in real dollars since 1945, while quality has fallen badly. The record is unique: no other industry in this country has had declining productivity over the period; and no other country spends so much, or gets so little in return. In short, the best parallel to American education today is the collapsing Soviet system: politicized allocation of resources, proliferating bureaucratic overhead, chronic mismatching of supply and demand, and both qualitative and quantitative collapse. Lauro Cavazos, meet Mikhail Gorbachev.

The society's officers clearly meant for the meeting to end on a positive note, titling the final session, "Some Cheerful Prospects." Unfortunately, the speakers couldn't think of any.

T. Kenneth Cribb of the Intercollegiate Studies Institute took a caustic look at the 1960s-style nihilism that infects the campus. Relativism attacks a culture, denying there are any truths to pass on, and also "attacks belief in the moral order," and so subverts the academic goal of leading individuals to wisdom and virtue. The Sixties radicals who now hold tenure attack anything that smacks of tradition, and are forcing students to conform to their political views. Our fight, therefore, should be at the level of ideas. Once it reaches the level of politics, it is too late. Stephen H. Balch, president of the National Association of Scholars, detailed some of the methods of the tenured radicals: such horrors as required "oppression studies" and the suppression of dissent with, e.g., therapy groups (posing as freshman orientation) modeled on totalitarian forms of re-education, which they get away with by claiming the rhetorical high ground (democracy, helping the disadvantaged, egalitarianism, etc.). One answer is to enhance and secure the institutional role of traditionalist scholars, by creating and even advertising a market for them.

A specific hard case is the law schools, where, as we were reminded by Eugene B. Meyer (younger son of the late Frank S. Meyer, a decided force at early Society meetings), free speech—isn't. Those who do not hew to the line of Professor Tribe, et al., soon find themselves *persona non gratae*. But Mr. Meyer heads an organization, the Federalist Society, that is doing much to support conservative professors and students—the next decade's law professors, if they stick it out.

Cheerful views indeed! At least Mr. Balch had a crumb of consolation: "It can't get any worse."

Bets? □

Getting Together

ERIK VON KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

MUNICH

AS ONE MIGHT have expected, the reunion of the two Germanies, although desired by the vast majority of people in both parts, presents an endless number of problems. What is happening, to start with, is the merging of a predominantly Lutheran and Low German–speaking country and one that is half Catholic, and whose population is four

Mr. von Kuehnelt-Leddihn is NR's Munich correspondent.

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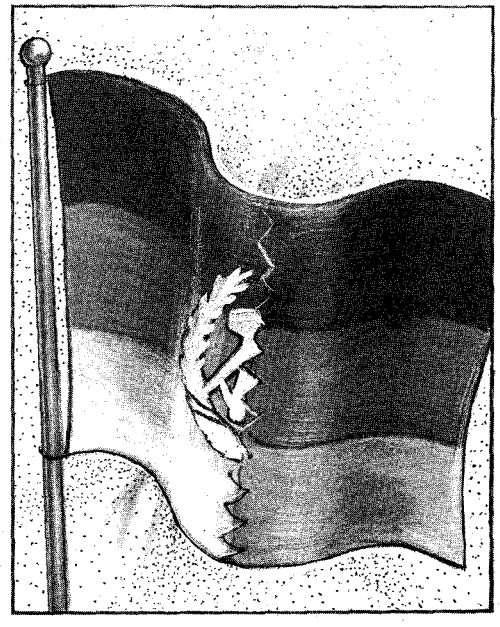
times as large. (Low German is spoken where the big rivers reach the sea; among the Low German dialects only Dutch has become a literary language of real importance. It was only because of Luther's translation of the Bible into a High German dialect that this became standard German, just as Dante's poetry made the Tuscan dialect the basis of standard Italian.)

THE GERMAN Democratic Republic (GDR) also contains two genuinely Prussian fragments, not the most popular thing in the rest of Germany. By 1871 two-thirds of Germany was Prussian-ruled, much of it annexed by the Prussian dynasty, the Hohenzollerns. Rhinelanders used to call themselves "*Muss-Preussen*" (have-to-be Prussians). Within the dying German Democratic Republic the former Kingdom of Saxony, the Province of Saxony, Thuringia, Necklenburg, West Pomerania, and West Brandenburg are re-emerging; the last two are truly Prussian.

Whether a reunited Berlin—historic seat of the Hohenzollerns—will again become the German capital remains to be seen. From an all-German point of view it is far from central, either geographically or politically. It is only about 25 miles from the present border with Poland, and in the recent free elections 37 per cent of East Berlin voters chose the "Democratic Socialist" (i.e., Communist) Party. But what alternatives are there to Berlin? Culturally Munich is the leading city in Germandom today, with Hamburg as its main competitor. Frankfurt also has its claims; and as one looks further ahead in time one can imagine the field widening—to include Vienna, perhaps, and even Prague.

There are, however, more immediate problems, many of them having to do with the monetary system. The procedure for melding the two countries' currencies is complicated. The currency of the GDR, commonly called the East Mark, will be converted to Deutsche Marks at different rates in different situations: one to one for wages, salaries, and pension, and for savings accounts up to four thousand East Marks; for everything else the ratio will be two to one. But that still represents a gigantic gift from West Germany to their socialist neighbors, as the black-market exchange rate last year was ten to one.

The economy of the GDR is a disaster, outmoded and backward. To make matters worse, the country is ecologically ruined. Countless factories should be closed immediately because they are destroying the landscape and creating serious health hazards. The forests of Thuringia and Saxony are practically dead, as are those in many parts of Czechia and Slovakia. Closing and dismantling these factories will create colossal unemployment. In this context, it is hard to remember that East Germany's has been the *leading* economy in the Red Empire, admired and envied by all the other satellite nations, and by the Soviet Union itself.



Jennifer Lawson

The purely managerial and commercial problems of the *volkseigene Betriebe*, the enterprises "owned by the people" (a pious phrase) are made more acute by the diminished work ethics of a people once known for its diligence. The present-day northeastern German is not a go-getter like so many Poles, Hungarians, and Czechs. He will have to wait for western and southern Germans to put his country on its feet. And, indeed, the West German press, West German banks, and "prospectors" of all kinds—and from other countries as well as West Germany—are making their appearance in the fading GDR.

But as the Western companies come in, buying up ramshackle enterprises and establishing new ones, their managers will have to face the problems of the new East German work habits. The East Germans, in time, although "exploited" by their new capitalist bosses and shareholders, will earn much more, but all this implies a different way of looking at things. The majority realize (as the elections showed) that economic theory and practice (i.e., Marxist dreams and capitalist facts) are poles apart, but some still dread the "brutalities" of capitalism.

The farmers are a special problem because they have been demoralized to an amazing extent. (The bulk of the Red vote in March came from the semi-intellectualized middle class, and from the farmers in the north.) Deprived of their land and their ties to the soil, the farmers became a drifting urban proletariat with only feeble religious bonds. (The same problem will arise in Russia as the peasants cease being neo-serfs.)

The fears harbored by many—even by solid anti-Communists—are not entirely unfounded. I mentioned unemployment and the continued flight of skilled labor to the West. But what about the former owners of real estate confiscated by the state? If they get their property back, will they be able to ask Western rents for their houses and apartments? Will they be able to turn out the current tenants? (This is less of a problem with confiscated farmland, since it was turned over not to individual farmers but to collective units.)

FOR WEST GERMANY, meanwhile, this is a classic illustration of the adage, Be careful what you wish for—you might get it. The country now faces the task of assimilating something resembling a piece of the Third World, and not as part of a farflung empire, but as a foreign body right in its own system—a fragment, moreover, of the old Fatherland, ruined and debased by the stupidest form of society, government, and production ever invented by the human mind. Estimates are that it might take five years (pessimists say ten) until all the wounds are healed. And in the meantime (none of us should forget this) the Red Army still stands at the Werra River, not so far from the Dutch border, where the Federal Republic's "waist" is dangerously narrow. In other words, the "postwar world" has not yet come to an end. □

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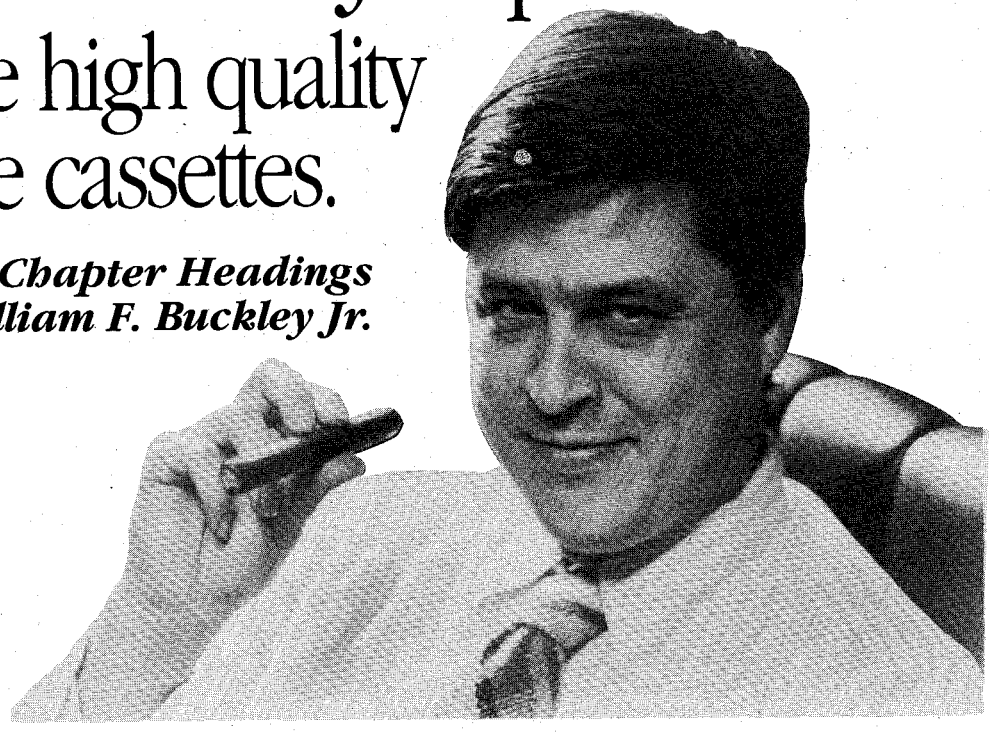

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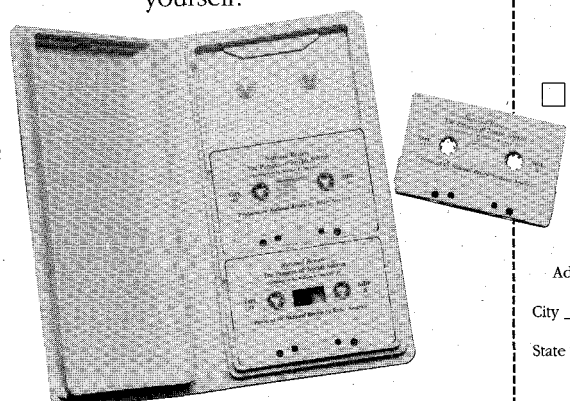

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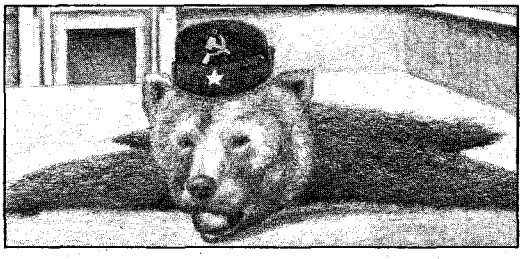
THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE SOVIET EMPIRE



Mr. Gorbachev has Georgia on his mind. And the Ukraine, Central Asia, and the Baltics. As the Evil Empire dissolves and central planning unravels, we have to wonder—What next?

MAX SINGER

EVERYTHING IS UNCERTAIN, but here are ten propositions that seem reasonably likely. Additional argument in support of the more controversial propositions is provided at the end.

1. Although Communists still are nominally in control of the agencies of force in some of the Warsaw Pact (WP) countries, it is very unlikely that they will be able to use this control to maintain themselves in power however much they may try. No matter what they do there seems to be no way that they can win.

2. Soviet troops will be largely out of most of these countries by the end of 1990, or not long after. Any Soviet forces remaining will not be strong enough to dominate the country where they are stationed. Therefore any remaining troops will be vulnerable and a source of weakness, not of strength, to the Soviet Union. The Soviets are likely to bring them home to safety quickly.

This does not mean that there will be stable or democratic governments in these countries soon, only that the Communist Parties will be out, and that individual Communists will only be able to hold any power by rejecting or concealing their Communism.

These propositions apply even if Moscow were suddenly to become willing to use Soviet troops to keep Eastern European Communists in power. A Soviet effort to restore Communist control of the WP would not be likely to succeed even if Moscow tried to use Soviet troops. Gorbachev was responsible for unleashing the forces that are freeing Central and Eastern Europe from Moscow; but he is no longer necessary for that process to be completed.

Mr. Singer, who consults on public policy in Washington through his Potomac Organization, has previously written for NR *on Central America and the Middle East.*

3. There will be a massive flood of scandal about the WP Communist Parties. Forty years of dirt will come out; there will be unending tales of corruption, waste, and extravagance; there will be a steady stream of stories of sexual perversion and debauchery; a continuing flow of evidence of murder and torture, of massive internal and external programs of spying and systematic deceit, and of a destructive disdain for the environment and for public health.

The unprecedented flood of scandal (soon to be augmented by that from the Soviet Union) will have a historic—but unpredictable—effect on the whole intellectual world. Communism will take on nearly the same leprous character as Nazism did after the exposure of the holocaust. Anyone who tries to understand future politics without taking this intellectual revolution into account is ignoring the power of ideas and fashion.

4. The Communist Party of the Soviet Union (CPSU) will be so completely discredited by the scandal of Communism in the WP that it will be destroyed, quite possibly within the year, or by the end of 1991 at the latest.

5. The Soviet Union will break up into between six and twenty (or more) separate countries. The dominance of Moscow is likely to end this year or next. The breakup will almost certainly happen by the end of the decade, probably much sooner.

Still No Peace

THE PREVIOUS TWO propositions are independently true. Neither depends on the other; either could happen first. But the two processes are mutually reinforcing.

Together these propositions mean that the danger and struggle that has dominated and organized much

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of international affairs for over forty years is about to come to an end, and that we will soon be able prudently to slash our defense spending—perhaps in half. Already we must think differently about southern Africa, Central America, and other areas.

But these propositions do not imply that there will be peace. Nor do they mean that our danger has already come to an end. In fact the next year or two is most likely a period of maximum danger (until the Soviet Union has either broken up or, conceivably, been voluntarily pacified by a secure parliamentary government). And many good people can die and much harm be done by carelessness on our part if we let ourselves be dominated by our expectations about the further future—however correct they are.

Winds of Change

THE REST OF the propositions consider how the region to the east of the old Iron Curtain is likely to fit into the post-cold-war world.

6. The Soviet Union does not have any real power to prevent a unification of East and West Germany, making it part of NATO and the EC, unless Gorbachev can persuade the United States to change its mind and foolishly cooperate with such an attempt.

7. There will probably be a generation of turmoil, violence, and internal and external conflict in the Balkans and the area now occupied by the Soviet Union. Authoritarian governments will probably rule much of the people for years to come—although they can be expected to be succeeded gradually by more democratic regimes. (There is a good chance for democracy to be established quickly in East Germany, Czechoslovakia, and the Baltic states, and a reasonable chance of it in Hungary and Poland.)

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8. Because of fundamental changes in the world since 1914, the turmoil and wars in Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union will be much less dangerous and significant for Western Europe and the U.S than traditionally assumed. Traditional thinking about balance-of-power politics and struggles for economic supremacy will not be relevant.

9. The remains of the Soviet empire will be of secondary economic importance for at least a generation. Economic aid to the region will be of comparatively slight significance in determining how fast the countries of the region accumulate wealth (except perhaps for a few smaller ones).

10. The existence of large numbers of nuclear and chemical weapons in the Soviet Union, plus long-range missiles and advanced military aircraft, means that the coming breakup of the Soviet Union will create some special dangers to the rest of the world. (Nevertheless, the breakup is a good thing which we are unable to prevent.)

Three of these propositions may seem doubtful. Why can't the Communist Party in the Soviet Union survive the embarrassment of the scandals that will come out in the WP countries? Why must the Soviet Union break up, and why can it not do so peacefully? Finally, how can the prospect of so much violence and turmoil in the Balkans and in the Soviet Union not threaten world war?

The CPSU will not be able to survive the flood of scandal about Communism in the WP because: first, the Party is already weakened by economic failure, by continued national resistance to Russian domination, and by actions taken by Gorbachev to reduce Party resistance to reforms and to increase his own personal power. Second, even the Communists are influenced by ideas and intellectual fashions—which is why they try to control them. They need ideological justification to sustain their authority. Physical power is essential, but it is not enough.

The Communists have been able to get sufficient legitimacy from lies for a long time, but this cannot continue to work once the lies become exposed. The embarrassment of Communism in the WP will overwhelm the effectiveness of all the lies, and it will be too much to deny or ignore. Nobody in Moscow will be able to believe in or credibly assert the legitimacy of Communism or of the Communist Party. No political institution can survive universal disbelief.

There are two reasons the Soviet Union can't hold together. First, it is difficult to create arrangements to keep such a vast heterogeneous country together even in the best of circumstances. Second, there is no real positive justification for holding the Soviet Union together once Communism has fallen. (Conservatism and fear of anarchy provide some motivation for keeping the empire together, as does grandiosity—but Boris Yeltsin's move to emphasize the difference between Russia and the other republics shows that these aren't enough.)

While a more realistic federalism might seem an attractive way to try to keep the USSR together, it cannot work. First of all it has long pretended to be federal—that is, it has tried to give the appearance of power sharing between the center and component republics. It is hard to say "this time we really mean it."

Second, there has been too much bloodshed. The Russians have killed tens of millions of people. These kill-

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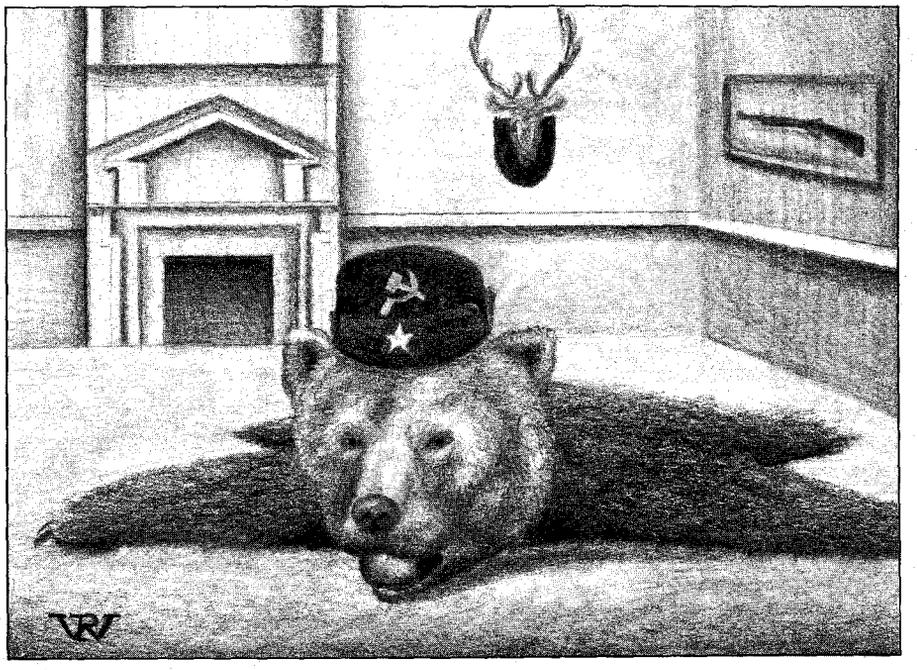
ings have not yet been resolved, or punished, or brought to light.

Third, the Russians have been rather nasty colonizers. Some 15 per cent of them live among the other peoples in the non-Russian republics, lording it over the locals and not concealing their contempt for "lesser people," especially everyone east of the Caspian. Siberia is the only place where there has been any kind of "melting pot" or where any tradition of mutual confidence among people of different ethnic groups has developed.

Fourth, federalism depends upon widespread respect for the law, on a common willingness to compromise, and on a reasonable degree of mutual respect and confidence. For seventy years the Communist system has suppressed these qualities. Most people who believed in



such things have been killed or disillusioned. (Democracy also depends on the same qualities, which is an important reason why democracy is not likely to come soon to the remnants of the Soviet empire.)

The Soviet Union is unlikely to break up peacefully—even if the government in Moscow decides that it is too dangerous to try to keep it together—because there are so many Russians living in other parts of the Soviet Union.

Even if the Moscow government decides that the best it can do is to keep only Russia, how could it free itself of the other "republics"? Should the twenty-odd-million Russians living in the other republics be brought "home" to Russia—where many were not born and some have never been? Can they be left unprotected against the foreign peoples whose overlords they used to be?

Even if the majority of people in a non-Russian republic bury the hatchet with the Russian minority, violent conflict seems almost inevitable. There are bound to be a few hotheads—violently nationalistic young people, or relatives of those who have been killed by Russians and whose tradition demands revenge—who insult or attack the Russians. Even if most colonial Russians are prudent, despite the lifetime of being in a position of dominance, there are likely to be some Russians who try to protect themselves against insult or attack, or to take revenge, or to deter further attacks by striking out against the locals. It will be very hard to avoid escalating ethnic violence.

Finally, the existing borders between the various pieces of the Soviet Union were imposed by Stalin. There are many places where they do not represent agreed or traditional divisions; and there are many places where large numbers of one nationality are in political units dominated by another nationality (the Ireland, Cyprus, Sri Lanka problem).

A united Germany, and turmoil and power vacuums in the East, will not be as dangerous as we are used to thinking because of two other major changes in the world. First, in the modern world wealth comes from internal productivity: from people, not from land or colonies or physical resources. (Although small countries can have "superficial" wealth from oil.) Second, once the Soviet Union is broken up all the great powers will be democracies, and democracies do not fight one another—at least they never have in the past. (China is not yet developed enough to be a great power much beyond its borders; and its Communism will eventually fail as decisively as Russia's. Russia by itself is also too poor to be a great power, at least for the near future, even if it is not gravely damaged in the process of extracting itself from the Soviet Union and from Communism.)

Russia is so much less a danger than the Soviet Union not because Soviet power came from its non-Russian colonies, but because Soviet victories all resulted primarily because of Communist deception. Once the basis for the international apparatus of political warfare is destroyed, with the discrediting of Communism, the most profound danger will be gone.

New World Order

IN SHORT, we are about to enter an exciting new world, fundamentally different and better than the postwar world of the last 45 years. And it will also be fundamentally different from the pre-war worlds of 1914 or 1939. But it will not yet be a world of peace and justice.

More immediately important to us: we haven't yet entered that new world. The Soviet Union may pose its greatest danger in the next year or two, because as it weakens, its ruling elite will either become more desperate, or it will lose control. The nature of the threat it poses has changed, but not its seriousness; the Soviet Union still has a vast nuclear arsenal and large military forces. □

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Ford Taurus SHO
Think of it as the official pace car of the *Fortune 500.*

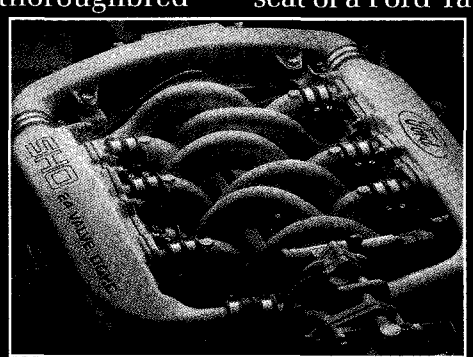
The 24-valve, 220 horsepower Ford Taurus SHO.

With the coming of Ford Taurus SHO, the road to success has become much more exhilarating to drive.

Consider, for example, its fuel-injected Super High Output (SHO) engine, a 24-valve, 220 horsepower V-6. Engineered for thoroughbred performance and ably assisted by aerodynamic ground effects, anti-lock brakes, and a special sport suspension, it allows you to manage traffic as effectively as you manage your business.

The Taurus SHO's specially-designed interior is also dressed for success. Surrounding you with appointments like fully-articulated sport seats (leather trim optional), and new performance instrumentation, it offers the proper seating for those of your standing.

In short, those in positions of power should find themselves right at home in the driver's seat of a Ford Taurus SHO. It could just be one of the easiest executive decisions you'll ever make.



Taurus SHO for 1990 comes equipped with a driver air bag supplemental restraint system.

Buckle up–together we can save lives.

Have you driven a Ford...lately? Ford

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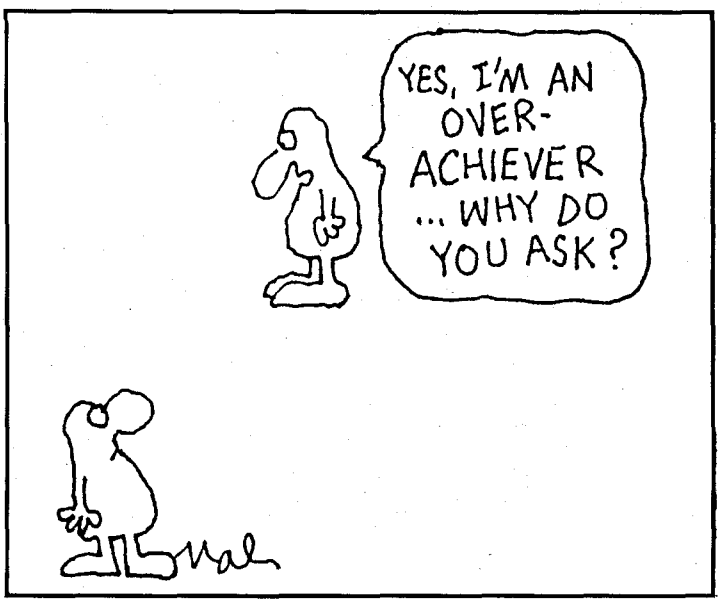

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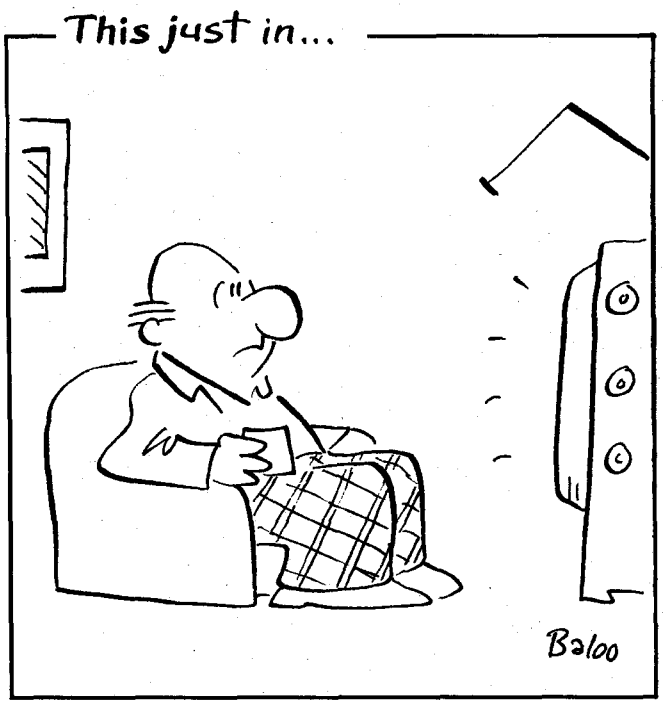
Summit Recessional

Dismissed, the limos melt away;
  The cooks and hired help depart.
Dominion over Saturday
  Returns to quoit and golfing cart.
Lord God of Hosts, lest he forget,
  Let Baltic nations make him sweat!

W. H. VON DREELE

"Know what I miss, Garcia? Having a corrupt regime to overthrow."



"None of the guests showed up tonight, so MacNeil and Lehrer will interview each other."

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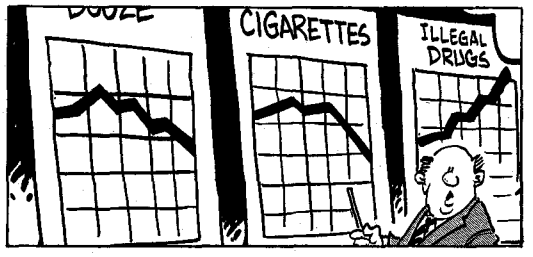
A Capital Offense

I'D RATHER SMOKE THAN KISS



A pleasure, a sin, an environmental hazard —and popular with the Puritans! It's smoking. The perfect excuse to bully others. A wild, wild woman defends her favorite vice.

FLORENCE KING

I AM A WOMAN of 54 who started smoking at the late age of 26. I had no reason to start earlier; smoking as a gesture of teenage rebellion would have been pointless in my family. My mother started at 12. At first her preferred brands were the Fatimas and Sweet Caporals that were all the rage during World War I. Later she switched to Lucky Strike Greens and smoked four packs a day.

She made no effort to cut down while she was pregnant with me, but I was not a low-birth-weight baby. The Angel of Death saw the nicotine stains on our door and passed over; I weighed nine pounds. My smoke-filled childhood was remarkably healthy and safe except for the time Mama set fire to my Easter basket. That was all right, however, because I was not the Easter-basket type.

I probably wouldn't have started smoking if I had not been a writer. One day in the drugstore I happened to see a display of Du Maurier English cigarettes in pretty red boxes with a tray that slid out like a little drawer. I thought the boxes would be ideal for keeping my paperclips in, so I bought two.

When I got home, I emptied out the cigarettes and replaced them with paperclips, putting the loose cigarettes in the desk drawer where the loose paperclips had been scattered. Now the cigarettes were scattered. One day, spurred by two of my best traits, neatness and thrift, I decided that the cigarettes were messing up the desk and going to waste, so I tried one.

It never would have happened if I had been able to offer the Du Mauriers to a lover who smoked, but I didn't get an addicted one until after I had become addicted myself. When he entered my life it was the beginning of a uniquely pleasurable footnote to sex: the post-coital cigarette.

Today when I see the truculent, joyless faces of anti-tobacco Puritans, I remember those easy-going smoking sessions with that man: the click of the lighter, the brief orange glow in the darkness, the ashtray between us—spilling sometimes because we laughed so much together that the bed shook.

A cigarette ad I remember from my childhood said: "One of life's great pleasures is smoking. Camels give you all of the enjoyment of choice tobaccos. Is enjoyment good for you? You just bet it is." My sentiments exactly. I believe life should be savored rather than lengthened, and I am ready to fight the misanthropes among us who are trying to make me switch.

A *misanthrope* is someone who hates people. Hatred of smokers is the most popular form of closet misanthropy in America today. Smokists don't hate the sin, they hate the sinner, and they don't care who knows it.

Their campaign never would have succeeded so well if the alleged dangers of smoking had remained a problem for smokers alone. We simply would have been allowed to invoke the Right to Die, always a favorite with democratic lovers of mankind, and that would have been that. To put a real damper on smoking and make it stick, the right of others not to die had to be invoked somehow, so "passive smoking" was invented.

The name was a stroke of genius. Just about everybody in America is passive. Passive Americans have been taking it on the chin for years, but the concept of passive smoking offered them a chance to hate in the land of compulsory love, a chance to dish it out for a change with no fear of being called a bigot. The right of self-defense, long since gone up in smoke, was back.

Smokers on the Run

THE BIG, brave Passive Americans responded with a vengeance. They began shouting at smokers in restaurants. They shuddered and grimaced and said "Ugh!" as they waved away the impure air. They put up little signs in their cars and homes: at first they said, "Thank You for Not Smoking," but now they feature a cigarette in a circle slashed with a red diagonal. Smokists even

Miss King is the author of Lump It or Leave It, *out this month from St. Martin's.*

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Five years ago you tied the knot. This year, tighten it.

The Diamond Anniversary Band.
This year, tell her you'd marry her all over again.

A diamond is forever.

Suggested retail price for rings $2,000-$6,000.
For information, call 800-477-8220

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issue conditional invitations. I know—I got one. The woman said, "I'd love to have you to dinner, but I don't allow smoking in my home. Do you think you could refrain for a couple of hours?" I said, "Go ---- yourself," and she told everybody I was the rudest person she had ever met.

Smokists practice a sadistic brutality that would have done Vlad the Impaler proud. *Washington Times* columnist and smoker Jeremiah O'Leary was the target of two incredibly baleful letters to the editor after he defended the habit. The first letter said, "Smoke yourself to death, but please don't smoke me to death," but it was only a foretaste of the letter that followed:

> Jeremiah O'Leary's March 1 column, "Perilous persuaders . . . tenacious zealots," is a typical statement of a drug addict trying to defend his vice.
>
> To a cigarette smoker, all the world is an ashtray. A person who would never throw a candy wrapper or soda can will drop a lit cigarette without a thought.
>
> Mr. O'Leary is mistaken that nonsmokers are concerned about the damage smokers are inflicting on themselves. What arrogance! We care about living in a pleasant environment without the stench of tobacco smoke or the litter of smokers' trash.
>
> If Mr. O'Leary wants to kill himself, that is his choice. I ask only that he do so without imposing his drug or discarded filth on me. *It would be nice if he would die in such a way that would not increase my health-insurance rates* [my italics].

The expendability of smokers has also aroused the tender concern of the Federal Government. I was taking my first drag of the morning when I opened the *Washington Post* and found myself staring at this headline: NOT SMOKING COULD BE HAZARDOUS TO PENSION SYSTEM. MEDICARE, SOCIAL SECURITY MAY BE PINCHED IF ANTI-TOBACCO CAMPAIGN SUCCEEDS, REPORT SAYS.

The article explained that since smokers die younger than non-smokers, the Social Security we don't live to collect is put to good use, because we subsidize the pensions of our fellow citizens like a good American should. However, this convenient arrangement could end, for if too many smokers heed the Surgeon General's warnings and stop smoking, they will live too long and break the budget.

That, of course, is not how the government economists phrased it. They said:

> The implications of our results are that smokers "save" the Social Security system hundreds of billions of dollars. Certainly this does not mean that decreased smoking would not be socially beneficial. In fact, it is probably one of the most cost-effective ways of increasing average longevity. It does indicate, however, that if people alter their behavior in a manner which extends life expectancy, then this must be recognized by our national retirement program.

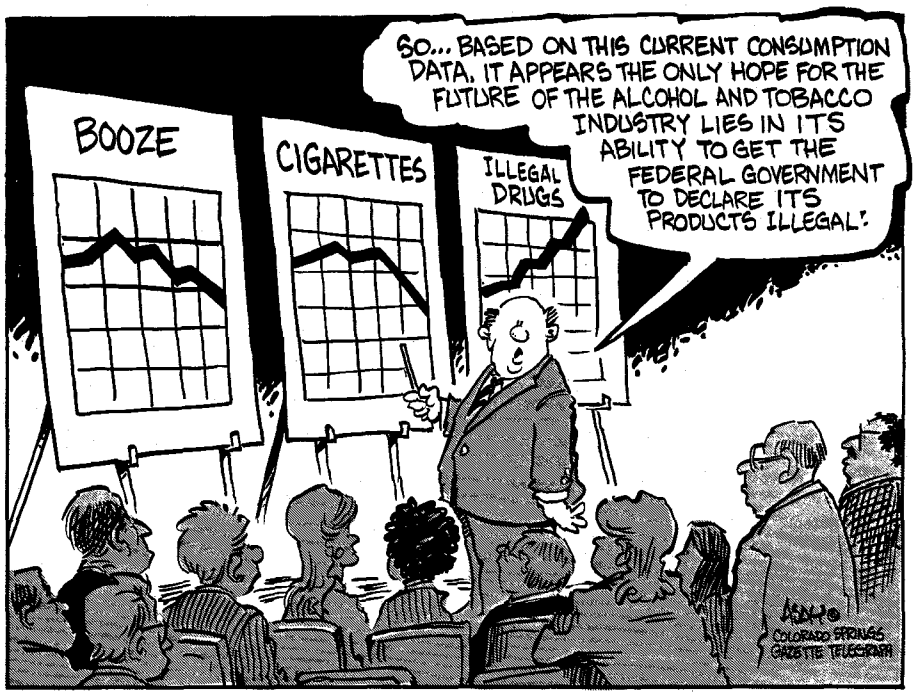
At this point the reporter steps in with the soothing reminder that "the war on tobacco is more appropriately cast as a public-health crusade than as an attempt to save money." But then we hear from Health Policy Center economist Gio Gori, who says: "Prevention of disease is obviously something we should strive for. But it's not going to be cheap. We will have to pay for those who survive."

Something darkling crawls out of that last sentence. The whole article has a die-damn-you undertow that would make an honest misanthrope wonder if perhaps a cure for cancer was discovered years ago, but due to cost-effectiveness considerations . . .

But honest misanthropes are at a premium that no amount of Raleigh coupons can buy. Instead we have tinpot Torquemadas like Ahron Leichtman, president of Citizens against Tobacco Smoke, who announced after the airline smoking ban: "CATS will next launch its smoke-free airports project, which is the second phase of our smoke-free skies campaign." Representative Richard J. Durbin (D., Ill.) promised the next target will be "other forms of public transportation such as Amtrak, the inter-city bus system, and commuter lines that receive federal funding." His colleague, Senator Frank Lautenberg (D., N.J.), confessed, "We *are* gloating a little bit," and Fran Du Melle of the Coalition on Smoking OR Health, gave an ominous hint of things to come when she heralded the airline ban as "only one encouraging step on the road to a smoke-free society."

Health Nazis

THESE REMARKS manifest a sly, cowardly form of misanthropy that the Germans call *Schadenfreude*: pleasure in the unhappiness of others. It has always been the chief subconscious motivation of Puritans, but the smokists harbor several other subconscious motivations that are too egregious to bear close examination—which is precisely what I will now conduct.


SO... BASED ON THIS CURRENT CONSUMPTION DATA, IT APPEARS THE ONLY HOPE FOR THE FUTURE OF THE ALCOHOL AND TOBACCO INDUSTRY LIES IN ITS ABILITY TO GET THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT TO DECLARE ITS PRODUCTS ILLEGAL!
BOOZE
CIGARETTES
ILLEGAL DRUGS
COLORADO SPRINGS GAZETTE TELEGRAPH

Study their agitprop and you will find the same theme of pitiless revulsion running through nearly all of their so-called public-service ads. One of the earliest showed Brooke Shields toweling her wet hair and saying disgustedly, "I hate it when somebody smokes after I've just washed my hair. Yuk!" Another proclaimed, "Kissing a smoker is like licking an ashtray." The

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latest, a California radio spot, asks: "Why sell cigarettes? Why not just sell phlegm and cut out the middle man?"

Fear of being physically disgusting and smelling bad is the American's worst nightmare, which is why bath-soap commercials never include the controlled-force shower nozzles recommended by environmentalists in *their* public-service ads. The showering American uses oceans of hot water to get "ZESTfully clean" in a sudsy deluge that is often followed by a deodorant commercial.

"Raise your hand, raise your hand, raise your hand if you're SURE!" During this jingle we see an ecstatically happy assortment of people from all walks of life and representing every conceivable national origin, all obediently raising their hands, until the ad climaxes with a shot of the Statue of Liberty raising hers.

The New Greenhorns

THE STATUE of Liberty has become a symbol of immigration, the first aspect of American life the huddled masses experienced. The second was being called a "dirty little" something-or-other as soon as they got off the boat. Deodorant companies see the wisdom in reminding their descendants of the dirty-little period. You can sell a lot of deodorant that way. Ethnics get the point directly; WASPs get it by default in the subliminal reminder that, historically speaking, there is no such thing as a dirty little WASP.

Smokers have become the new greenhorns in the land of sweetness and health, scapegoats for a quintessentially American need, rooted in our fabled Great Diversity, to identify and punish the undesirables among us. Ethnic tobacco haters can get even for past slurs on their fastidiousness by refusing to inhale around dirty little smokers; WASP tobacco haters can once again savor the joys of being the "real Americans" by hurling with impunity the same dirty little insults their ancestors hurled with impunity.

The tobacco pogrom serves additionally as the basis for a class war in a nation afraid to mention the word "class" aloud. Hating smokers is an excellent way to hate the white working class without going on record as hating the white working class.

The anti-smoking campaign has enjoyed thumping success among the "data-receptive," a lovely euphemism describing the privilege of spending four years sitting in a classroom. The ubiquitous statistic that college graduates are two-and-a-half times as likely to be non-smokers as those who never went beyond high school is balm to the data-receptive, many of whom are only a generation or two removed from the lunchbucket that smokers represent. Haunted by a fear of falling back down the ladder, and half-believing that they deserve to, they soothe their anxiety by kicking a smoker as the proverbial hen-pecked husband soothed his by kicking the dog.

The earnest shock that greeted the RJR Reynolds Uptown marketing scheme aimed at blacks cramped the vituperative style of the data-receptive. Looking down on blacks as smokers might be interpreted as looking down on blacks as blacks, so they settled for aping the compassionate concern they picked up from the media.

They got their sadism-receptive bona fides back when the same company announced plans to target Dakota cigarettes at a fearsome group called "virile females."

When I first saw the headline I thought surely they meant me: what other woman writer is sent off to a book-and-author luncheon with the warning, "Watch your language and don't wear your Baltimore Orioles warm-up jacket"? But they didn't. Virile females are "Caucasian females, 18 to 24, with no education beyond high school and entry-level service or factory jobs."

Commentators could barely hide their smirks as they listed the tractor pulls, motorcycle races, and macho-man contests that comprise the leisure activities of the target group. Crocodile tears flowed copiously. "It's blue-collar people without enough education to understand what is happening to them," mourned Virginia Ernster of the University of California School of Medicine. "It's pathetic that these companies would work so hard to get these women who may not feel much control over their lives." George Will, winner of the metaphor-man contest, wrote: "They use sophis-

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ticated marketing like a sniper's rifle, drawing beads on the most vulnerable, manipulable Americans." (I would walk a mile to see Virginia Ernster riding on the back of George Will's motorcycle.)

Hating smokers is also a guiltless way for a youth-worshipping country to hate old people, as well as those who are merely over the hill—especially middle-aged women. Smokers predominate in both groups because we saw Bette Davis's movies the same year they were released. Now we catch *Dark Victory* whenever it comes on television just for the pleasure of watching the scene in the staff lounge at the hospital when Dr. George Brent and all the other doctors light up.

Smoking is the only thing that the politically correct can't blame on white males. Red men started it, but the cowardly cossacks of the anti-tobacco crusade don't dare say so because it would be too close for comfort. They see no difference between tobacco and hard drugs like cocaine and crack because they don't wish to see any. Never mind that you will never be mugged by someone needing a cigarette; hatred of smokers is the conformist's substitute for the hatred that dare not speak its name. Condemning "substance abuse" out of hand, without picking and choosing or practicing discrimination, produces lofty sensations of democratic purity in those who keep moving farther and farther out in the suburbs to get away from . . . smokers. □

THE BALTICS

THE ONCE AND FUTURE REPUBLIC

RICHARD M. LANGWORTH

MY GRANDFATHER sailed into Riga in the intoxicating spring of the Latvian Republic seventy years ago to look up distant relatives, trying to track the Latvian branch of his heritage. He told me of it thirty years later: a sort of eastern Paris, filled with parks and wide streets, fashionable shops and peasant markets, dignified buildings and a handsome people; it had a bustling harbor that handled more timber than any other port in the world. He remembered the confidence and hope, the exuberance and patriotism—the burgeoning realization that after seven hundred years Latvians were masters in their own land. They could not know that their freedom would be measured by a generation.

If a foreign power occupied the United States, and then tortured, imprisoned, deported, murdered, or exiled sixty million Americans, would we think it a crime? Silly question. Yet, on a relative scale, this was precisely Latvia's experience. Alas, memories are fading. It is 72 years since Latvia declared her nationhood, and fifty since she lost it; and time, the churl, is running. That Latvia survives at all is remarkable. Since 1940 the native share of her population has been reduced from 84 to 53 per cent: first by a holocaust which in relative terms rivaled Hitler's; later by the forced immigration of ethnic Russians as Stalin and Khrushchev tried to "Russify" the country. Latvia, said Josef Stalin to a bemused Franklin Roosevelt at Yalta, "is as much a part of Russia as California is part of America." Twenty-five years earlier his predecessor had recognized the Latvian Republic and vowed to respect her independence "for eternal times."

Latvia's heritage is four thousand years old. The problem is that the Republic has been fair game for conquerors for the last seven hundred years. Only from 1795, however, could Russia claim any hegemony. That was the year when all Latvia was absorbed by Catherine II, though the feudal suzerainty of German–Baltic landowners was maintained under the czars. With the collapse of Russia in 1918, Latvia declared independence. But Versailles dealt only with former *enemy* territory; no one quite knew how to handle the corpse of Imperial Russia.

The Latvians fought a two-front war of independence for 18 months after Armistice Day: against the Red Army in the east, and a surrogate German army sent by the victorious allies to oppose Lenin's Bolsheviks by maintaining the pre-war Teutonic landowners. Both were vanquished—but Latvia lost in the process a quarter-million men, most of her industry, a fourth of her buildings, half her farms. A British reporter compared the wreckage of the Latvian countryside to the devastation in Belgium during World War I.

After the Germans were recalled and Lenin renounced "all sovereign rights," an elected assembly drafted a constitution. Agrarian reforms broke up the vast estates, Latvians began tilling their own soil; by 1935 the country was one of Europe's largest exporters of grain, dairy products, and purebred cattle. (By contrast, Soviet Latvia recently experienced a milk shortage.)

Small businesses recovered, and some grew into industries. Textiles, metals, and machinery were produced; the famous Minox camera was developed in Riga. Per capita, Latvia ranked second in Europe in books published, first in college enrollment. "They work hard and play happily," said Janis Cakste, first president of the Republic. "For them every day is Sunday—now."

But Sundays never last.

The original constitution was flawed in that it took only five people to form a political party, one hundred signatures on a petition to field a slate of candidates. This led to a "partocracy": shifting, unstable coalitions. In 1934, fed up, Prime Minister Karlis Ulmanis proclaimed a "Government of National Unity," himself as head, dissolved parliament, outlawed all political parties, and arrested opposition leaders.

Ulmanis, a founder of the Republic later labeled "fascist" by the Soviets, bore no resemblance to Hitler or Mussolini. "He might have been the chairman of a remote rural district council,"

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wrote British envoy Sir Stephen Tallents. Nobody died for opposing him; the jailed opposition was soon released. Although the press was controlled, an independent judiciary and freedom of religion, speech, and movement remained. Whatever his shortcomings, Ulmanis retained broad support (70 per cent, thought the British ambassador). In the end, though, whatever Ulmanis did or did not do proved immaterial.

The Cutain Descends

THE INFAMOUS Molotov–Ribbentrop pact of August 1939 gave Hitler a free hand to attack Poland in exchange for a Soviet "sphere of influence" in Latvia—along with Finland, Estonia, and ultimately Lithuania and eastern Poland.

In October 1939 Stalin, after massing 16 Red Army divisions on the border, summoned Latvian Foreign Minister Wilhelms Munters to Moscow and demanded military bases on Latvian soil. By now Stalin was openly referring to Latvia as one of the "lost provinces" of Peter the Great. Playing a bad hand well, Munters managed to restrict the number of bases to two, and Stalin promised to respect sovereignty. But nine months later, after a staged border provocation, Moscow demanded "a new, friendly government" in Riga, and the right to occupy all of Latvia to ensure that such a government was instituted. Similar ultimatums went to Lithuania and Estonia.

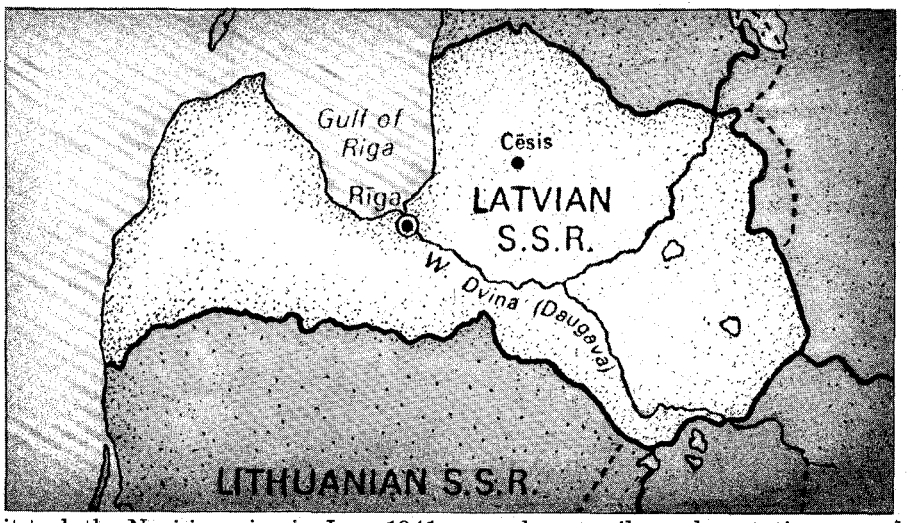
There were few options. Had there been a collective security agreement, the Balts just might have outnerved their enemy: with Finland they could have fielded 31 divisions, and, as we know, Finland chose to fight and almost won. But there was no unity.

The Latvian cabinet met in Riga while civil servants burned state papers and the nation's treasure was hastily shipped abroad. Some ministers wanted to go down fighting. Ulmanis wished to spare his country. Unopposed, the Soviets occupied Latvia on June 16, 1940. In a heart-rending broadcast Ulmanis told his countrymen, "I will remain at my post—you have to remain at yours."

The mopping up was assigned to Andrei Vyshinsky, later a prominent America-baiter at the United Nations. In Ulmanis's name he disbanded the government and civil guard. Ulmanis was then arrested and deported to Russia; his fate is unknown to this day. New elections, in which only members of a handpicked United Workers Party could stand, resulted in a "petition for membership" in the Soviet Union.

The long night of barbarism descended in July, when sixty thousand leaders, officers, and intellectuals were shipped to the Urals. Men were separated from their families; people were packed forty to a cattle car; infants who died en route were thrown out beside the tracks. At Vorkuta, Potma, Kolyma, Kengir, Solikamsk, and Norisk, many arrivals were shot or drowned in toilets. The rest were stripped, or bullied into selling a coat for a few potatoes. Set to work in labor camps, few ever returned home.

Those people accounted for 2 per cent of Latvia's population. Ironically, it took the Nazi invasion in June 1941 to end the terror. The first German motorcyclist entering Riga was garlanded with flowers, as people waved the Republic's maroon and white flag and thanked God they were still alive.



Jennifer Lawson

Had he been less of a madman, Hitler could have been a hero to the Baltic nations. But he decreed only more oppression. As part of the Nazi slave colony Ostland, Latvia was ruled by the Gestapo and a few quislings. Another ninety thousand Latvians—Jews and gentiles—were gassed and shot at a death camp near Riga.

Later, as the Red Army began regaining ground, Latvians were faced with a choice of barbarians. Most fought alongside the Germans, doggedly resisting the Soviet advance. When Riga fell to the Soviets on October 13, 1944, the Latvians retreated with the Germans to the western province of Courland, where they fought the Red Army to a standstill.

At Yalta, little was said about Latvia, Lithuania, or Estonia. Churchill (reluctantly) and Roosevelt (optimistically) thought the Baltics worth sacrificing for Stalin's guarantee of a free Poland, which proved a chimera. So it was that the Nazi–Soviet pact became the only one of Adolf Hitler's treaties to survive the Second World War.

Postwar the nightmare began anew. To eliminate guerrilla resistance in rural Latvia, Stalin hastened collectivization of the farms. By the time he died, in 1953, 150,000 had been killed or deported. Adding Hitler's body count, and the 120,000 lucky enough to get out, 30 per cent of Latvia's prewar population had vanished. Simultaneously Moscow moved non-Latvians in: four hundred thousand between 1945 and 1980. What with the murders, exiles, deportations, and non-Latvian influx, genocide was accomplished on a neo-Hitlerian scale—greater than in Estonia or Lithuania. Riga today is the only capital in Europe in which natives are a minority.

Notwithstanding Gorbachev's talk of European self-determination, Latvia remained an occupied country—as one jest went, "the largest in the world: our shores are on the Baltic, our capital is in Moscow, and our population is in Gulag." Then in April 1990 came the declaration, by a parliament overwhelmingly dedicated to independence, elected by Latvians and ethnic Russians alike, promptly denounced by Gorbachev as "illegal."

As a Lithuanian told an astonished Ted Koppel, when the uninformed host of *Nightline* asked if there wasn't some way to "save this marriage": "Is no marriage. Is rape for fifty years." □

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SOCIAL SECURITY

MARCHING TOWARD FREEDOM

PETER J. FERRARA

I KNEW something was up when the Berlin Wall fell. Sure enough, from Eastern Europe to Western Europe to South America, and around the world, the people today are turning away from high taxes, bureaucratic dictation, and government dependence, and are embracing free markets, freedom of choice, and personal control. Now this trend has come to America. Fundamental Social Security reform has become a live issue.

Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan (D., N.Y.) first broke the issue on the national stage. He proposed to cut the Social Security payroll tax on employee and employer combined by almost 18 per cent, from a total of 12.4 per cent today to 10.2 per cent in 1991. (Another 2.9 per cent payroll tax helps to finance Medicare.) The proposal would provide about $55 billion per year in tax relief to working people and their families.

The tax cut would follow relentless payroll tax rate increases in nine of the last 13 years, which have raised the total payroll tax rate by over 30 per cent since 1977. The maximum total payroll tax rate for an employee, including the employer's share, is now about $7,850 a year, up from $1,931 in 1977, $580 in 1967, and $189 in 1957. These payroll tax increases are the main reason federal tax revenues as a percentage of GNP are about the same today as when Reagan was elected, despite his income tax cuts.

The rapid payroll tax increases have hit lower-income workers and workers with children the hardest. Unlike the income tax, the payroll tax does not have a standard deduction and personal exemption that shield a substantial part of the income of these workers. Moreover, income subject to payroll tax is capped (at $51,300 this year, increasing annually with wage growth) and the tax doesn't apply to non-wage income, so the tax generally amounts to a higher percentage of income for lower-income families.

Payroll tax increases also especially harm small businesses, as they cannot as easily pass the increases on to others. To the extent the tax is borne by employers, it discourages them from hiring. Again, less-skilled, lower-income workers are the ones to lose the jobs. The tax also discourages marginal- and lower-income workers from working as much as otherwise, further reducing jobs, work, and GNP. One study estimates that the Social Security tax rate increases in 1988 and 1990 alone will ultimately eliminate one-half million jobs and reduce GNP by $25 billion per year.

Moynihan could propose his tax relief to address these concerns because Social Security today has more than enough revenue to pay promised benefits. Even with his proposed tax cuts, the program would likely be able to continue to pay promised benefits for more than twenty years. Moreover, today's annual surpluses are not even being saved to finance future benefits. The surpluses are lent to the Federal Government to be spent on other programs, with Social Security receiving government bonds in return. The program's trust funds are consequently just accumulating internal federal IOUs amounting to nothing more than legal authority to draw from general government revenues in the future.

Given this, Moynihan sees the Social Security surpluses as simply a sham to reduce the overall federal deficit with the regressive, job-killing payroll tax. Cutting the payroll tax would then make perfect sense for perceptive liberals, who should prefer other means of cutting the deficit. However, in reality, the surpluses may simply be supporting higher federal spending which otherwise would be cut to reduce the deficit. That is why many liberals have not embraced the Moynihan proposal. They prefer the extra spending even if it has to be financed with the awful payroll tax.

The people, however, aren't interested in paying the extra payroll taxes either to reduce the deficit or to finance extra spending. That is why Moynihan's proposal is gaining support among politically perceptive Democrats and Republicans, despite opposition from leaders of both parties. [See "Fumbling on Social Security," "On the Scene," Feb. 19.]

But Moynihan's proposal has a big drawback. Social Security is running surpluses today because the huge baby-boom generation, entering its prime earning years, is now paying the taxes, while the relatively small generation born during the low-fertility years of the Great Depression and World War II is entering retirement. In about twenty years, however, the system will run into a demographic wind shear. The baby-boom generation will start entering retirement, requiring huge benefit expenditures, while the relatively small generation born during the low fertility years since the mid 1960s will be in the work force to pay the taxes. The result will be deficits far larger than today's surpluses.

Moynihan vs. Porter

TO ADDRESS this problem, Moynihan's bill provides for large future payroll tax increases. Starting in 2012, these tax increases would eventually raise the total Social Security payroll tax rate to 16.2 per cent, 30 per cent higher than today's rate. Moreover, even this may not be enough considering long-term trends in life expectancy, fertility, and real-wage growth. If one considers the shortfalls in Medicare payroll tax revenues as well, the total payroll tax rate would probably have to climb to between 25 and 37 per cent to pay all the benefits promised to today's young workers, an increase of 60 to 140 per cent over today's rate.

Congressman John Porter (R., Ill.) has a better idea. He proposes to rebate the Social Security surpluses

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each year into individual investment accounts under each worker's control. Returns to the accounts would accumulate over the years tax free. The accounts would then support benefits in retirement in place of some Social Security benefits, which would be reduced proportionally to the rebates received by each worker. A significant portion of Social Security would thus be shifted to the private sector. Porter proposes to expand this shift over time.

Out of the Trap

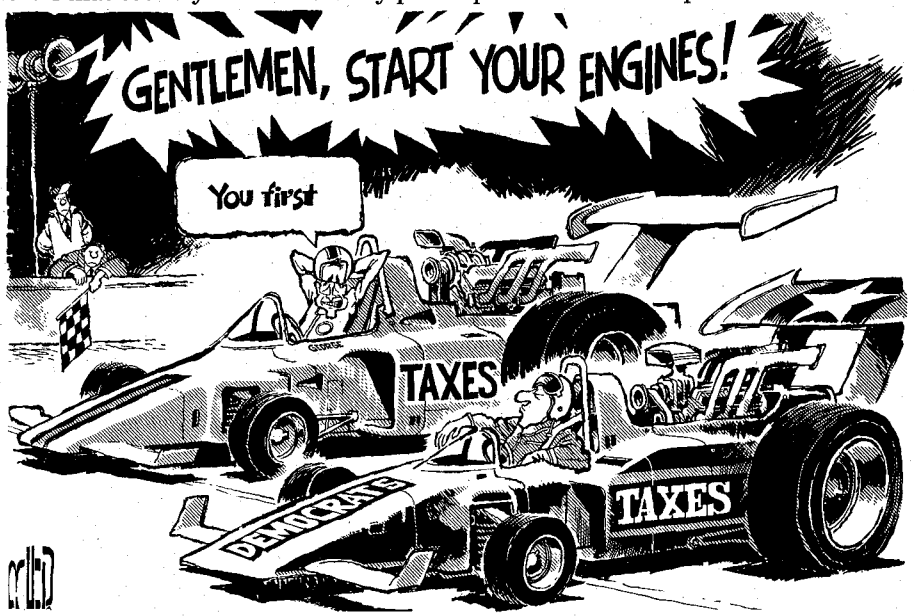
WITH FUTURE retirees relying more and more on the private sector and less and less on Social Security, future benefit obligations of the program would be substantially reduced. The need to raise future taxes to finance those benefits would consequently be sharply reduced as well, and possibly eliminated altogether. If the shift to the private sector were expanded sufficiently, future payroll taxes could be cut permanently.

Moreover, younger workers today would probably be able to get a better deal through the private sector, so their benefits through the private accounts would probably more than offset the reduced Social Security benefits they replaced, leaving each worker with higher total benefits overall. Social Security taxes are so high for today's young workers that even if they receive all their currently projected future benefits, they would still be receiving a bad deal through the program. For most young workers entering the work force in the 1980s, the before-tax real rate of return, or effective interest rate, paid by Social Security on the huge taxes paid into the program throughout their working years would be around 1 per cent or less. For many, it would be close to zero or even below zero.

Porter's proposal would also provide workers with more freedom of choice and control over their retirement funds. Workers would own their private accounts directly, and could choose their own investments and pattern of benefits within constraints. Such direct control may not have been a big issue when Social Security payments amounted to a few hundred dollars per year at most. But now that the taxes total up to $8,000 per year, and more in the future, people want control over their own money.

At least that's what Dick Wirthlin seemed to find. He described Porter's proposal to voters in a national survey. What he found was revolutionary: 68 per cent supported the proposal, with only 22 per cent opposed. Even among the elderly, 48 per cent supported the proposal, with only 36 per cent opposed. Voters also strongly favored the proposal over Moynihan's proposed tax cut.

But even Porter's proposal is small potatoes compared to what's going on in some other countries. For almost ten years now, workers in Chile have had the option of choosing to pay into a private alternative system rather than that country's social-security program. The private payments accumulate with returns in individual savings accounts for each worker, which will finance the worker's benefits in retirement. Some of the private payments also go to purchase private life, disability, and health insurance.



The reform is highly popular: over 90 per cent of Chilean workers have now chosen the private system. Chilean officials report the accumulation of funds in the private accounts is greatly increasing national savings and investment, enhancing growth. They also indicate that with workers individually developing substantial investment stakes in the private economy, social attitudes toward business and industry have changed. Workers are now willing to support policies that open up and maintain free markets and expand long-term growth and prosperity for Chilean enterprises.

In Great Britain, a Labour government in 1978 allowed workers to choose to opt out of about half of that country's social-security benefits on a company-by-company basis, and pay into employer-sponsored pensions instead. The unions felt this created a greater role for them in developing retirement benefits for their workers and enhanced worker loyalty. They also felt they could negotiate a better deal for their workers in the private sector. Almost half of the workers in Great Britain have now chosen the private pensions. In the summer of 1988, the Thatcher government extended the option to workers individually, allowing them to pay into their own personal retirement accounts in place of half of the public benefits. Millions of workers have already exercised this option.

In a 1988 study published by the National Center for Policy Analysis in Dallas, Texas, it was reported that 29 countries around the globe now rely on private savings and insurance in place of some or all of the usual public social-security benefits, including Japan, Australia, India, Malaysia, Finland, and others. South Korea and Thailand, two of the fastest growing countries in the world, rely entirely on the private sector to provide retirement benefits.

Such broad, fundamental Social Security reform could be popular in the U.S. as well. The Porter proposal could be adopted as the first step. Workers and their employers could then be allowed to contribute additional funds to the private accounts in return for income tax credits. These tax credits

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would commensurately offset the continued payment of Social Security taxes, which would remain available to finance benefits in full for the current elderly. To the extent each worker exercised this option, he would receive proportionally less in Social Security benefits, relying instead on the benefits paid through the private accounts.

This option could be phased in slowly over time to keep the revenue loss from the tax credits under control. Eventually workers could contribute additional funds to purchase life, disability, and health insurance to substitute for Social Security's survivor and disability benefits and Medicare's health benefits. Ultimately, workers could have the complete freedom to choose how much to rely on the private sector and how much to rely on Social Security and Medicare.

The cost of the reform in terms of lost revenue is well worth the overall benefits. This cost is temporary, as the revenue loss will eventually be offset by reduced Social Security expenditures. (Indeed, on a present discounted-value basis the proposal does not increase the deficit at all.) Moreover, with popular anti-tax sentiment and Gramm–Rudman budgeting, the temporary net revenue loss would probably be covered eventually by reductions in other government spending, producing little or no real cost for working people (if not a net additional gain). With such resulting spending reductions, the reform would also produce sharp increases in national savings, investment, and economic growth.

Social Security and Medicare currently account for one-third of total federal spending, and over one-half of federal domestic spending. The proposed reform offers a way of shifting most of that spending to private sector. Surely we should consider that a high priority opportunity worthy of substantial political effort.

Americans are more than open to such fundamental reform today. They have always supported the continued payment of promised benefits to their parents and grandparents. But they have never been in love with Social Security as a system, and increasingly would support alternative means of accomplishing the system's ends, particularly given the widely expanding recognition that the system will not serve today's younger workers well.

The proposed reform would indeed maintain the overall Social Security framework, and merely give workers additional freedom to exercise their own preferences. It would simply modernize and liberalize the current system, consistently with the worldwide march to economic liberty. □

A DISSENTING OPINION

THE CLOSING OF THE CONSERVATIVE MIND

HARRY V. JAFFA

IT IS DIFFICULT to remember when conservatives have been so nearly unanimous in according a book something approaching a neoscriptural status, as they have been with respect to Judge Robert H. Bork's *The Tempting of America: The Political Seduction of the Law*. The December 8, 1989, NATIONAL REVIEW featured as its main cover article, "The Case against Political Judging," together with a second smaller excerpt, entitled "Why Do the Liberals Rage?" One can summarize the two articles together by saying that the liberals rage because Judge Bork says that judges should, when ruling as judges, stick to the law—including the law of the Constitution. He thinks—or so he says—that judges should not substitute their opinions of what the law of the Constitution *ought* to be. It is emphatically their job—whether they like the results or not—to say what the law *is*.

The liberals assert, however, that there is nothing but ambiguity and uncertainty in many key phrases of the Constitution (e.g., "general welfare," "due process," or "equal protection"). No one really knows what they "originally" meant, and even if one did know, one could find little guidance in applying them in present-day circumstances. They insist, therefore, that there is no alternative but to say what the Constitution ought to mean, here and now, rather than what it might have meant, when it was framed and ratified. The favorite liberal posture is to call for a "living Constitution," freed from the "dead hand" of the past, adapting itself to new circumstances through the "creative" interpretations by judges sensitive to the needs of society.

In point of fact, Judge Bork replies, these judges, by discovering judicial remedies for what different interest groups claim to be "injuries," but which are really problems of society at large, are usurping powers proper to the political branches of government, and subverting the right of the people to be governed by their elected representatives.

Judge Bork has indeed presented his case against liberal jurisprudence cogently and passionately. He has convinced his conservative followers—and up to a point he has convinced me—that it is unanswerable. He has, moreover, convinced his followers that the campaign of vicious misrepresentation against him—especially during the fight over his nomination to the Supreme Court—is owing mainly if not solely to the fact that his opponents cannot meet him on the ground of the argument. That argument, in a nutshell, is that judicial activism is usurpation, denying to the political processes of democracy their rightful role in governance. His disciples believe—quite rightly—that the American public, by and large, still thinks that the function of judges is to interpret the law, not invent it. His critics on the Left supported their war against him by appealing to highly organized and highly motivated interest groups—especially advocates of group rights (especially those of race, color, and sex)

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which are not recognized by the Constitution—as opposed to the rights of individuals, which are. These critics blinded the public to the nature of their attack, by declaring Judge Bork to be "out of the mainstream." His votaries are confident that the public would have been mightily indignant at his critics had they known the real character of the attack upon him.

That Judge Bork was treated ill by his critics on the Left may certainly be granted. But the March 8, 1988, NATIONAL REVIEW carried an article by the present writer entitled "Judge Bork's Mistake." In it I accepted everything Judge Bork had said about the necessity and desirability of a constitutional jurisprudence of "original intent." But I denied that what Bork had *called* "original intent" *was* "original intent." I referred my readers to a monograph I had published in the *University of Puget Sound Law Review*, Spring 1987, entitled, "What Were the 'Original Intentions' of the Framers of the Constitution of the United States?" where I argued that a genuine jurisprudence of "original intent" with respect to the Constitution would have to recognize the principles of the Declaration of Independence as the principles of the Constitution.

A Necessary Distinction

THE CONSTITUTION, as every beginning student knows, is a bundle of compromises. There is no way, from the text of the Constitution alone, that one can distinguish those provisions which are consistent with its principles, and which implement those principles (e.g., the provisions for the election of Congress and President), from those that are compromises with those same principles (e.g., the security given to property in human chattels).

This distinction between the principles of the Constitution and its compromises is one Judge Bork has studiously ignored. His critics have exploited the fact to persuade the general public—not without reason—that Judge Bork really has no principles. That judges should be neutral interpreters of the law is one thing: but to say that the law itself is essentially neutral—that it is mere process without purpose—is another. Judge Bork's position can be well summarized by saying that he rejects, root and branch, the following resolutions of the Republican Party Platform of 1860, upon which Abraham Lincoln was elected President of the United States:

> Resolved, that the maintenance of the principles promulgated in the Declaration of Independence and embodied in the Federal Constitution, "That all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that, to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed," is essential to the preservation of our Republican institutions.

Judge Bork's book begins with a discussion of the 1798 case of *Calder* v. *Bull*, in which Justice Samuel Chase, in a concurring opinion, had appealed to "the great first principles of the social compact" (which meant the principles of the Declaration of Independence), as possible grounds for judicial limitation of legislative power. According to Bork, here was the first time that a Justice of the Supreme Court would "cast covetous glances at the apple that would eventually cause the fall."

But what Chase had to say about the "social compact" was not different from what James Madison said on countless occasions. It was not different from what Chief Justice Marshall would say in 1819, in the case of *Ogden* v. *Saunders*. Commenting upon Article I, Section 10, of the Constitution, which declares that no state shall "pass any law impairing the obligation of contracts," Marshall said:

> These words seem to us to import that the obligation is intrinsic, that it is created by the contract itself, not that it is dependent on the laws made to enforce it. When we advert to the course of reading generally pursued by American statesmen in early life, we must suppose that the Framers of our Constitution were intimately acquainted with the writings of those wise and learned men, whose treatises on the law of nature and nations have guided public opinion on the subjects of obligation and contract. If we turn to those treatises, we find them to concur in the declaration that contracts possess an original intrinsic obligation, derived from the acts of free agents and not given by government.

Later in the same opinion, Marshall spoke of how the excesses of the state legislatures, before the adoption of the Constitution, had caused "mischief . . . so great [and] so alarming, as not only to impair commercial intercourse . . . but to sap the morals of the people and destroy the sanctity of private faith." A major purpose of the Constitution, said Marshall, was "to guard against the continuance of [this] evil." It would do this by imposing "restraints on state legislation." And Marshall left no room for doubt that it was a proper function of the Court to impose such restraints.

It cannot be emphasized too strongly, not only that Marshall (unlike Bork) believed in "an original intrinsic obligation . . . not given by government" as the ground of some of the most important provisions of the Constitution, but that he believed that this belief informed the understanding of the framers and of the public opinion that ratified their work. A jurisprudence of original intent would then of necessity have been—in decisive respects—a jurisprudence of natural law or natural right. Judge Bork is of course perfectly free to reject natural law and natural right—as he does do—but he cannot consistently call his rejection of original intent, original intent. He cannot have it both ways.

The Old Bork

JUDGE BORK did not always think about original intent as he does now. In "The Supreme Court Needs a New Philosophy," published in *Fortune* of December 1968, he wrote:

> A desire for some legitimate form of judicial activism is inherent in a tradition that runs strong and deep in our culture, a tradition that can be called "Madisonian." We continue to believe there are some things no majority should be allowed to do to us, no matter how democratically it may decide to do them. A Madisonian system assumes that in wide areas of life a legislative majority is entitled to rule for no better reason than that it is a majority. But it also assumes there are some aspects of life a majority should not control, that coercion in such matters is tyranny, a violation of the individual's natural rights. Clearly the definition of natural rights cannot be left to either the majority or the minority. In the popular understanding upon which the power of the Supreme Court rests, it is precisely the function of the Court to resolve this dilemma by giving content to

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the concept of natural rights in case-by-case interpretation of the Constitution.

Bork's notion of a "Madisonian system" here is less than perfect since, according to Madison, there is never an area of life in which "a legislative majority is entitled to rule for no better reason than that it is a majority." No aphorism is more characteristically Madisonian than that "all power in just and free government is derived from compact." And, as Madison wrote in his famous essay on "Sovereignty," a majority may do only those things "that could be *rightfully* done by the unanimous concurrence of the members." The word "rightfully," underscored by Madison himself, emphasizes the fact that a natural moral law underlies and undergirds all the constitutionalism of original intent. According to Madison, in the same essay, "the reserved rights of individuals (of conscience, for example) in becoming parties to the original compact [are] beyond the reach of sovereignty, wherever vested or however viewed." This means—in flat opposition to the Bork of today—that the free exercise of religion is a constitutional right, whether or not it is written into the Constitution. In the "Madisonian system" (as in that of John Marshall) the understanding of the nature of "the original compact" is the key to all constitutional interpretation.

However imperfect Bork's understanding of "the Madisonian system" in 1968, we venture to say that, had he enunciated it at his hearings, he would almost certainly have been confirmed as a justice of the Supreme Court. I am the more persuaded of this because in the same article he wrote:

> Legitimate [judicial] activism requires, first of all, a warrant for the Court to move beyond the limited range of substantive rights that can be derived from traditional sources of constitutional law. The case for locating this warrant in the long-ignored Ninth Amendment was persuasively argued by Justice Arthur J. Goldberg in a concurring opinion in *Griswold* v. *Connecticut*.

In Judge Bork's new book, there is a chapter entitled "The Madisonian Dilemma and the Need for Constitutional Theory." What had been called the "Madisonian system" in 1968 is now called the "Madisonian Dilemma." And the "concept of natural rights" disappears altogether from his discussion. In short, the "system" became a "dilemma" when natural rights—that is to say, genuine original intent—disappeared. The dilemma however is Bork's, not Madison's.

The New Bork

THE BORK OF 1990 no longer recognizes the possibility of a "legitimate form of judicial activism." All judicial activism is now seen as the fruit of original sin. The principal vehicle for such activism, according to Bork, has been "the concept of 'substantive due process.'" And, says Bork, substantive due process was introduced into constitutional jurisprudence by Chief Justice Taney, in his opinion for the Court in the case of *Dred Scott* (1857). Bork's accusation that Taney gratuitously invented the doctrine of substantive due process is the linchpin of the entire argument of his book.

Dred Scott sued for his freedom in the slave state of Missouri, where he had returned after having been taken by his master to live in the Minnesota Territory, in which slavery had been prohibited by the Missouri Compromise of 1820. Scott claimed his freedom on the grounds that he had been taken by his master to reside (he was not a runaway), and had resided, in a federal territory. But Taney's opinion declared that the 1820 legislation had been unconstitutional because Congress had no lawful power to deprive a slaveowner of his property. To do so would violate the Fifth Amendment's prohibition against depriving a person of his property "without due process of law."

According to Bork, however, "The definition of what is, or is not property would seem, at least as an original matter, a question for legislatures. How then [Bork asks] can there be a constitutional right to own slaves where a statute forbids it?" According to Bork, Taney's "transformation of the due process clause [of the Fifth Amendment]"

> was an obvious sham, it was a momentous sham, for this was the first appearance in American constitutional law of the concept of "substantive due process," and that concept has been used countless times since by judges who want to write their personal beliefs into a document that, most inconveniently, does not contain those beliefs.

Bork says that "Taney was determined to prove that the right of property in slaves was guaranteed by the Constitution." He quotes Taney saying that no one would presume that Congress could make any law in a territory—for example, establishing a religion—that it is forbidden to make by the First Amendment. "All well and good," Bork comments, adding, however, that "there is no similar constitutional provision that can be read with any semblance of plausibility to confer a right to own slaves."

Bork repeats this even more emphatically when he asks, "How did Taney know that slave ownership was a constitutional right? Such a right is nowhere to be found in the Constitution. He knew it because he was passionately convinced that it *must* be in the Constitution." [Emphasis is Bork's.] Well, the answer is that, although the Constitution does not "confer" a right to own slaves, it assuredly recognizes such a right. Moreover, it recognizes that right as arising from the action not of judges but of legislatures. Here is the text of Article IV, Section 2, paragraph 3. "No person held to service of labor in one state, under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall, in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labor, but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labor may be due." This is the fugitive slave clause. The original Constitution never uses the words "slave" or "slavery," preferring euphemisms in their place. Article I speaks of "adding to the whole number of free persons . . . three-fifths of all other persons." Can it be doubted that the "other persons" are unfree, that is, slaves? Or that their slavery is regarded by the Constitution as lawful? But the Constitution, in Article IV, not only recognizes the lawfulness of the right to own slaves—a lawfulness arising from the actions of the legislatures of the slave states—but it pledges the full power of the Federal Government to making that right secure. The phrase "shall be delivered up" is categorical, and implies an obligation on Congress to pass enabling legislation, if such should be necessary. So far as I know, no one, in two hundred years, has ever made the

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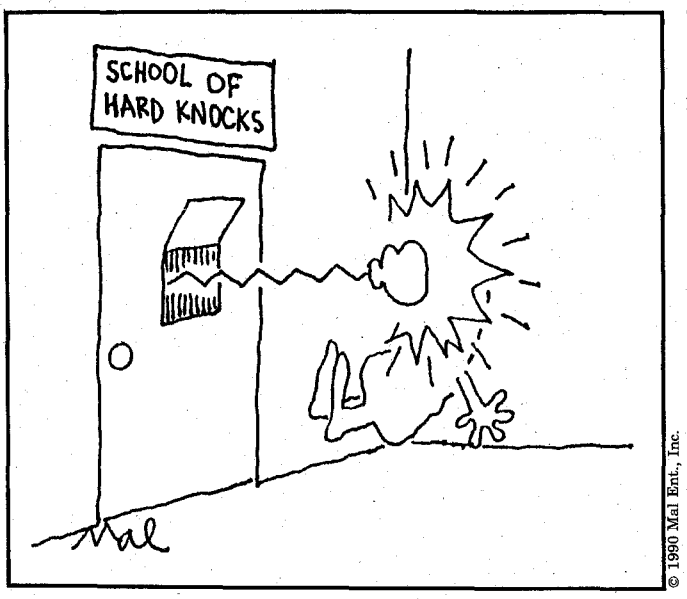
fantastic assertion that Bork makes, that the *right* to slave ownership "is nowhere to be found in the [original] Constitution." In short, it was not Taney who read the right to slave ownership *into* the Constitution; it is Judge Bork who has read it *out* of the Constitution.

Right Method, Wrong Answer

IT IS CLEAR moreover—from Article IV—that Taney did not form his opinion in *Dred Scott* on the basis of the due-process clause of the Fifth Amendment alone. The substantive element also rested in part on Article I, Section 9, in which it is said that "The migration or importation of such persons as any of the states now existing shall think fit to admit, shall not be prohibited by the Congress prior to the year one thousand eight hundred and eight." This clause is an exception made to the power granted to Congress in Section 8 "to regulate commerce with foreign nations," as well as that "to establish a uniform rule of naturalization." No one has ever doubted that, however ponderous the euphemism, Congress was prohibited thereby from interfering—for twenty years—with the buying of slaves on the west coast of Africa, where they could be obtained much more cheaply than in any of the states. Taney held—not unreasonably—that this concession to business profit was evidenced of a "right to traffic" in slave property as "an ordinary article of merchandise and property." If one puts together—as Taney did—the substantive and substantial consideration given by the Constitution in these several places to the profit and security of slave property and the slave trade, it was not unreasonable for him to conclude that it was unconstitutional to deprive a person of such valuable considerations merely because he took them with him into a United States territory. Or, to be more precise, it was not unreasonable for him to conclude as he did, if one draws one's inferences concerning the intent of the Constitution from the text of the Constitution alone, in the manner commended by Judge Bork.

What then was wrong with Taney's opinion in *Dred Scott*? Let us recall that in all the places in the Constitution in which slaves are referred to euphemistically, they are called "persons." And we must recall that in the Fifth Amendment the Constitution says that "No person shall . . . be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law."

Now the persons held to service or labor in Article IV (like those imported under Article I, Section 9) were so held (or imported) not as persons but as chattels. But a person is possessed of a rational will. And a chattel is a piece of movable property without a rational will. Under the law of slavery slaves were always regarded as human persons for some purposes—e.g., by being held responsible for their actions under the criminal law—while at the same time they were regarded as chattels, mere extensions of their master's will, like a horse or a dog or an ox. Hence they could not make contracts, for which reason there was no legal marriage among them.



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That the law of slavery at once regarded the slaves as persons and as chattels was what made slavery indeed a "peculiar institution." In the slave states themselves, the characters of a chattel always took precedence over the characters of the person. But what happened when he was taken to a territory? Why should the positive law of slavery follow him? Looking within the four quarters of the text of the Constitution, Taney inferred that Negroes (whether free or slave) were regarded by the Framers as "beings of an inferior order . . . and so far inferior, that they had no rights which white men were bound to respect; and that the negro might justly and lawfully be reduced to slavery for his benefit."

These are the decisive words in Taney's opinion—ignored by Bork. They justified Taney, in his own mind, in deciding that when the master took his slave into a territory, the master was the "person" who could not be lawfully deprived of his property. But Lincoln and the Republican Party, looking to the words of the Declaration of Independence, said that the slave was equally a human person with the master. Under "the laws of nature and of nature's God" the right to liberty took precedence of the right to property. This was because underlying the positive law of property was the natural right—the natural liberty—of every human being to own himself.

The case of *Dred Scott* can only be understood if one realizes that in it the chatteldom of slavery and the personhood of the slave have come into uncompromising contradiction. That contradiction can be resolved only by recourse to the principles of natural right and natural law, as embodied in the Declaration of Independence. (This was also the ground of the right of contract, referred to by John Marshall.) For this purpose, Judge Bork's conception of "original intent" is perfectly useless. But if it is useless here, it is useless everywhere: for the reason that in this case the distinction between the compromises of the Constitution and the principles of the Constitution is brought into sharper focus than anywhere else. It is because the Civil War amendments (to which one might add the Nineteenth) have eliminated the most evident contradictions between the Constitution and its principles, that the question of what those principles are, has become more obscure. Yet the meaning of the Fourteenth Amendment, and in particular the meaning of its "due process" and "equal protection" clauses, depend in the highest degree upon the correct understanding of where Taney went wrong in *Dred Scott*. And of that Judge Bork appears not to have an inkling. □

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The Timeless Distinction

JUDITH MARTIN

IT IS A pleasure to welcome yet another scholar to the swelling ranks of those who believe themselves alone in rediscovering etiquette as a subject fit for serious study. There must be enough of us now to hold a convention, where we can battle unreservedly over definitions of terms.

With his *Rudeness and Civility*, John F. Kasson, a historian from the University of North Carolina, has made a fine contribution to the history of etiquette, based on his research on the relation of the development of etiquette to the urbanization of nineteenth-century America. Particularly valuable are his capsule accounts of the evolution of dining etiquette and of audience etiquette, which trace the emotion-laden processes by which Americans were weaned from putting their knives in their mouths, and taught to believe it a crime to cough in a culture center.

Rudeness and Civility: Manners in Nineteenth Century Urban America, by John F. Kasson (Hill and Wang, 352 pp., $25)

As he points out, such changes restrained formerly open expressions of bodily needs and emotions. It became rude to shovel in food as efficiently as possible, and to shout at, or over, the performances of actors and musicians. In the rapidly growing cities of the nineteenth century, more and more detailed restraints were urged, as etiquette increasingly dealt with the problems of strangers living in constant proximity. Familiars back home knew all about one another's appetites and feelings, but the frank display of these to outsiders became an intrusion. In the countryside, everyone knew everyone else's identity and reputation, but in the city, people had to depend on reading the symbolism of behavior and dress to guess with whom they were dealing.

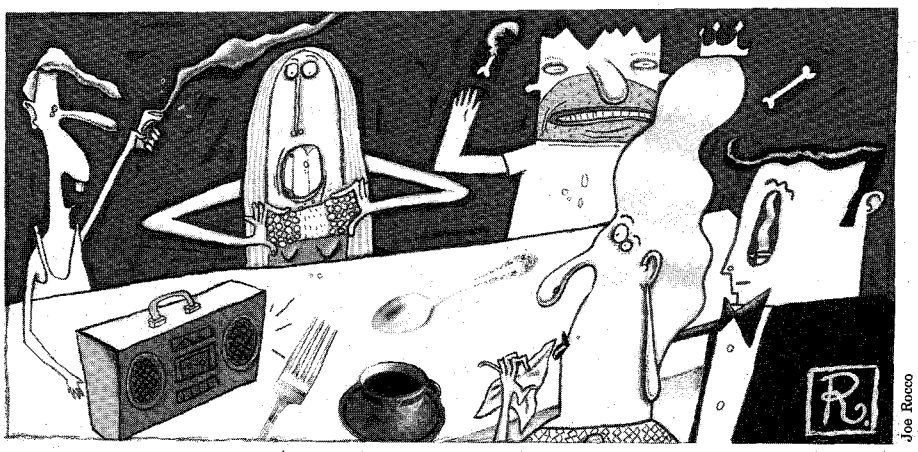
Mr. Kasson seems troubled by these increased requirements because the etiquette of nonintrusiveness prohibits absolute freedom of natural, individual expression. Regulative systems, such as law, always do, in the interest of maintaining communal harmony where desires conflict. People cannot be free to smoke wherever they please if others are to be granted freedom from encountering smoke.

He appears to experience, and to pass on to his readers, the distress many people have felt when they realized that symbolic cues may be hypocritically manipulated by villains seeking to counterfeit good character. Symbols can always be misappropriated, as when a swindler postures piously, or someone who doesn't recycle his trash wears an Earth Day T-shirt. It takes some sophistication to accept the gap between appearances and impulses cheerfully and put it to good service, as Benjamin Franklin did.

In recent decades, alternatives to traditional regulative and symbolic etiquette have been attempted. Free expression has been reclaimed as a virtue, to the point not only of displaying personal feelings and habits to strangers, but of giving them unsolicited opinions about their own appearance or behavior. Symbols have become frankly separated from what they are intended to symbolize, as when poor children who know one another's circumstances nevertheless compete in wearing designer labels.

Yet Mr. Kasson challenges the belief that manners have declined. He also seeks to demonstrate that "established codes of behavior have often served in unacknowledged ways as checks against a fully democratic order and in support of special interests, institutions of privilege, and structures of domination."

In support of the first thesis, he uses a technique to which I will refer, in the interests of avoiding hypocritical gentility, as the "Eeeeeew, gross" approach. This consists of citing antique etiquette rules—"Before you sit down, make sure your seat has not been fouled"; "Smell not of thy meat nor put it to thy nose"—to show how far we've come. (Etiquette, like law, only proscribes actions that people are likely to do.) Rules made after the invention of indoor toilets and refrigeration invariably seem pleasanter than those that preceded them, and thus the past appears to be crude in comparison to the fastidious present.



Joe Rocco

It should follow that anyone who deplores current standards must be deluded by nostalgia for an ill-remembered or imaginary society. However, the modern decline, Mr. Kasson fails to perceive, is not that people blow their noses more or less charmingly than they used to. It comes rather

Mrs. Martin is Miss Manners, columnist, novelist, and author of Miss Manners' Guide for the Turn-of-the-Millenium *(Pharos Books), which will be published in paperback this fall by Fireside Books.*

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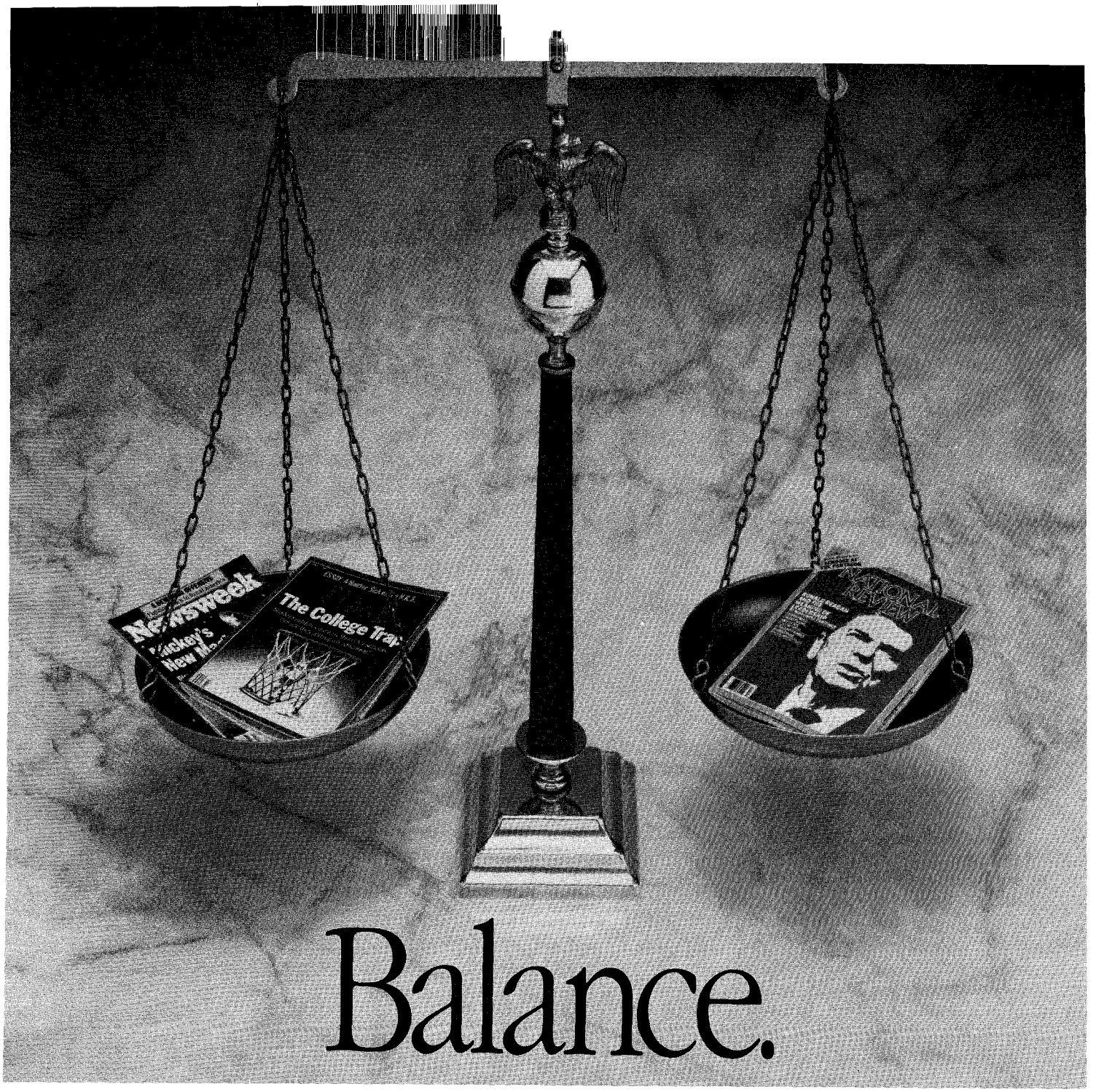

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from a widespread abandonment and rejection of the underlying beliefs from which such surface etiquette rules spring. In the 1960s, objections to etiquette were no longer being made only by the selfish, who, unwilling to restrain their own behavior, were newly bolstered by calling this self-assertiveness. The objections were also made by idealists who regarded the restrictions imposed by etiquette as a stultifying repression of the human spirit. It is this two-pronged attack that led to a generally recognized deterioration of the standard of civility in American society and, more recently, a popular demand for the return of manners.

The technique for showing that etiquette further victimizes the downtrodden may be called, "Why don't those killjoys let us do what we feel like?" This age-old lament suggests how much better life would be if not for behavioral restrictions imposed by such meanies as (choose one) the older generation, women, etiquette arbiters, the rich, or the middle class.

Mr. Kasson chooses several, and alleges that the rich, the middle class, and etiquette arbiters use etiquette as an instrument of class repression. He calls the expectation that working-class audiences not shout and throw things during theatrical performances a "gag rule that reduced their role in a powerful arena of cultural expression to their relatively weak economic standing at the box office." "Working-class customers were caught in a dilemma," he writes. "To continue to cheer, boo, and call to one another from the gallery meant to stigmatize themselves as 'uncivilized' boors unfit to associate with respectable families. To behave themselves meant to accede to their own marginalization."

Never mind that he has just explained how the rich were being chastised by performers in their own opera houses for their long-standing tradition of making a ruckus during performances. And never mind that one of the chief factions objecting to the public rowdiness of working-class men was working-class women. It is snobbery to suggest that boisterousness is a birthright of the poor, rather than a human impulse—although one that is always found objectionable by those not in on the fun. If the poor call the police to protect themselves from out-of-control rich kids who have been participating in the vital and authentic apres-debutante-party rituals of their class, is that class repression, too?

Mr. Kasson's treatment of the philosophy underlying etiquette is less valuable than his account of its origins and development because he fails to distinguish between rules of conduct and the body of tacit desires and beliefs they are intended to satisfy. I humbly call his attention to an essay (in the Spring 1990 issue of *American Scholar*) in which Gunther S. Stent and I propose that the former be called "etiquette," and the latter "manners." Etiquette is culturally conditioned surface behavior, which varies according to time and place; manners are timeless and universal fundamental wants that all civilized societies share, including communal harmony, dignity of the person, cultural coherence, and aesthetic satisfaction.

The proscriptions Mr. Kasson cites against making oneself conspicuous on the street, by wearing green gloves or laughing freely, seem quaint at a century's distance. Yet we find it offensive to encounter tank top undershirts or loud radios in the street. The surface rules of etiquette have changed over time, but the fundamental aim of manners, that one should be spared the sight and sound of those who want to make public nuisances of themselves, remains the same.

An example with which Mr. Kasson meant to clear up "the confusion of gentility and vulgarity" yields quite a different meaning when examined in terms of etiquette and manners:

A "cultivated Edinburgh-bred physician" living in Annapolis in the mid eighteenth century, who "traveled as befitted his gentlemanly status . . . dressed in elegant clothes," finds himself sharing the road with a man from New Hampshire who asks him his identity and destination. "By no means an arrogant man," Mr. Kasson says of the physician, "he nonetheless expected the quiet deference and honor that were his proper due," and returns sarcastically what Mr. Kasson calls "vulgar curiosity" (although the physician himself admits "his questions were all stated in the rustick civil stile").

This is a clash of two forms of surface etiquette. By the standards of the physician, the questioning was impolite; but by his fellow traveler's, the questions actually fulfilled a polite requirement of showing interest in strangers. The foreign physician, dwelling in America, should have been familiar with that American requirement for friendliness.

But the point is not whether one system is better than another—both can be abused, in the form of indifference or nosiness—but rather that the "rustic" had better manners. He, at least, was attempting to be polite, while the "cultivated gentleman" deliberately returned kindness with rudeness. □

A Grand Disunity

RICHARD RYAN

THE HARDBACK edition of *The Competitive Advantage of Nations*, Michael Porter's sprawling analysis of the contemporary economic world order, weighs in at slightly over three pounds—about the size of a nice bass. And cooked whole, with its formidable charts, appendices, footnotes, and bibliography intact, the book should glut all but the most data-starved readers. I wish I believed it would satisfy less quantitative needs.

The Competitive Advantage of Nations, by Michael E. Porter (Free Press, 831 pp., $35)

No one will accuse Mr. Porter, a professor of business at Harvard, the author of three previous books on industrial competitiveness, and an advisor to the Reagan Administration, of aiming low. As its title suggests, the book is meant to be a contemporary equivalent of *The Wealth of Nations*, and the Free Press is marketing the volume as the new-forged version of Adam Smith's world-transforming thunderbolt.

Like Smith, Mr. Porter has tried to synthesize the cold variables of material existence into a coherent system: he undertakes to envision the interna-

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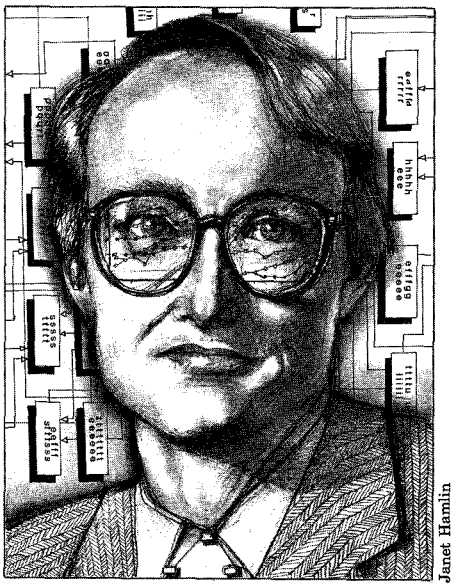
tional economy as a dynamic whole, in which the fashionable notion of "competitiveness" becomes a core ideology. In Porter's conception, the seemingly idiosyncratic behavior of global industries can be understood as progressive efforts which keep those industries' home nations developing economically and socially.

It's a pity that Mr. Porter didn't take the time, as Voltaire would have advised, to write a shorter book. In the process of editing he might have honed and resolved the ideas gleaned from the massive research project on which he based this volume. While working on the Reagan Administration's Commission on Industrial Competitiveness, Mr. Porter came to the conclusion that "international competitiveness" was too poorly defined and understood to be profitably debated. The central task he then set himself, he tells us, was "to explain why firms based in a nation are able to compete successfully against foreign rivals in particular segments and industries." But this is to ask no more than how individual industries should be managed, and Mr. Porter became interested in a larger thesis—that national characteristics play a large role in determining the success of the industries based in any given country. He concluded that "while globalization of competition might appear to make the nation less important, instead it seems to make it more so."

To help verify his ideas, Mr. Porter organized a multinational team of researchers who studied the industrial climate in ten different countries; he also assigned assistants to lay out detailed histories of four globally successful industries located in different parts of the developed world. What he discovered was that competitive companies, rather than sticking to previously successful management plans, or requiring advantageous production factors, constantly adapt themselves to their economic context. Manufacturers in Germany, for instance, have made the most of high-labor costs by automating as rapidly as possible; Japanese producers of consumer goods have pursued miniaturization in response to Japan's severe space shortages. Not only do industries thrive in an atmosphere of "selective disadvantage," they also seem to form in clusters—that is, more than one company in the same industry with the same home base will succeed internationally, and those companies will usually have globally competitive suppliers and consumers up and down their production chains. Industries, Mr. Porter determined, form their own ecologies.

As everyone knows, however, certain countries at certain times do a better job of fostering global competitors than others. Mr. Porter noted that such home countries enhanced their economic position by fostering an inherently competitive spirit within their industrial clusters. They do this, not through subsidies or protection



Janet Hamlin

but by providing their industries with the freest possible markets, discouraging mergers and monopolies, and regulating products sensibly, with an eye toward enhanced quality.

These are pragmatic "how-to-succeed-globally" observations that hardly overstep the bounds of common sense—or Mr. Porter's own research. But "how" answers beg "why" questions: why are certain nations (most recently Japan) consistently willing to take the steps necessary to produce global competitors? To explain this Porter offers a theory of development that is surprisingly deterministic, and reminiscent of the Spenglerian pessimism recently resurrected in Paul Kennedy's *The Rise and Fall of the Great Powers*. Early in their industrial history countries exploit their factor advantages—low labor costs, abundant natural resources, or what have you. Success in basic manufacturing leads to investment and innovation, more sophisticated consumer demand, and a growing service sector. This progression ultimately results in a wealth-based economy in which complacency and financial manipulations replace productive enterprise. All Porter can say about the sequel to a wealth-driven economy is that "the resulting decline can be very protracted until something jars the economy out of it."

Capitalism is a grand unity which somehow manages to assemble itself out of vital particulars. Though *The Competitive Advantage of Nations* gestures occasionally toward the greater political truths that have made market capitalism—the one enduring social order of this convulsive century—the book more often sinks into microtheory and conventional political prescriptions. It's a commonplace that the United States needs more education and investment, as Mr. Porter is ready to suggest, and he is hardly the first to make a cogent argument for free trade. What is not at all clear is why as a society we seem unable to take the steps necessary to revive both our industrial and cultural positions in the world.

I was disappointed by more than Mr. Porter's philosophical murkiness. Even by the appalling standards of academic literature, the book is dismally written. His language has the dry, stuffed, repellent feel of taxidermy. Theorists and scholars can't always be superior stylists, but we are still searching for a rhetoric of capitalism that is as appealing to intellectuals as the incantations of socialism. As we were recently reminded, political reality is not simply about competence; it's about ideology. Even Mr. Porter, in his chipper way, understands that America's competitive decline has ideological causes that lie beyond the reach of academic economics.

No doubt enough people will skim *The Competitive Advantage of Nations* to allow the book some influence within the business community. And, as Mr. Porter's admirable research suggests, business will have to be in the vanguard of any conceivable revival of American political culture. But he scarcely suggests how business leaders will inspire their managers or colleagues (not to mention their congressmen and Presidents) to abandon the cult of wealth for the culture of productivity. For that we will need a new economics, with the clarity of common sense and rhetorical authority of moral truth. □

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Tribal Superstitions

BRIAN ROBERTSON

WITH HIS testimony against Robert Bork's confirmation to the Supreme Court in 1987, Harvard law professor Laurence Tribe lent much needed academic credibility to opposition claims that Judge Bork was outside of the "mainstream" of American constitutional jurisprudence. Mr. Tribe's new book provides another opportunity to look at his peculiar constitutional theories, especially as they relate to abortion, the issue that will dominate the attention of the Court (and Court-watchers) for the foreseeable future.

Abortion: The Clash of Absolutes, by Laurence H. Tribe (W. W. Norton & Co., 270 pp., $19.95)

The book is receiving much attention, both because Tribe is a favorite constitutional authority among liberals (especially in the media), and because he is a likely nominee to the Court if the Democrats win the White House. This book represents Mr. Tribe's latest effort to consolidate his position as the liberal front-runner.

Despite the conciliatory-sounding title, nothing in the book tempers his well-deserved reputation as a radical judicial activist. He considers *Roe* v. *Wade* well within the judicial "mainstream." He is guided in this judgment not so much by his jurisprudence as by what can only be described as fanatical feminism, one that sees pregnancy as a tool of men to keep women in a position of subservience. In Mr. Tribe's view, this desire to keep women "in their place" (i.e., without economic or political power) is what motivates abortion opponents, *not* their professed reverence for human life. Entirely missing from Mr. Tribe's analysis is any notion of loving parental responsibility:

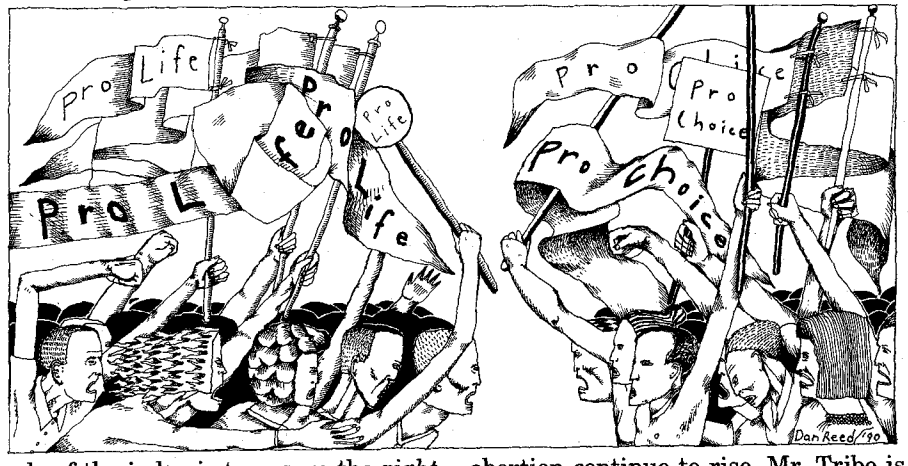
> Whether in the name of traditional sex roles or in the name of a traditional sexual morality, much opposition to abortion seems really to be about the control of women.

That, in essence, is the book's thesis. The chapter entitled "Finding Abortion Rights in the Constitution" is simply a *pro forma* exercise in arriving at that foregone conclusion. Mr. Tribe dismisses all legislative "compromises" to the *Roe* standard on the grounds that they don't pass the litmus test of legally mandated sexual equality. This is like saying laws against rape are inherently "unequal." It is a standard by which no law prohibiting abortion is even conceivable.

In the course of the chapter, Mr. Tribe gives us some interesting glimpses of his views of the role of judges in a democratic society. To the objection that judges should not usurp the role of democratically elected legislatures, he answers:

> In the United States the history of the exercise of unfettered governmental discretion is largely a history of unequal treatment based on class, race, and sex.

By "unfettered governmental discretion" he simply means self-rule, and Mr. Tribe doesn't think we can be trusted to practice it. Accordingly the role of the judge is to ensure the *right* outcome if people pass *bad* laws.



Dan Reed

Mr. Tribe supplements the "feeble" protections of the Constitution with a dose of feminist theory. Most writers would be wary of citing the president of the National Abortion Rights Action League in a disinterested, scholarly study of abortion, but not Mr. Tribe. He quotes Kate Michelman as an authority on how pre-*Roe* laws humiliated women. Indeed, his chapter notes read like a compendium of feminist "scholarship." Mr. Tribe even cites *Mother Jones* as a source on anti-abortion violence.

Inevitably, a book that depends so heavily on feminist tracts must revolve around the favorite subject of feminists: sex. Indeed, in a bizarre chapter entitled "In Search of Compromise," the reader begins to understand the agenda. For muddled partisanship, it's hard to beat this assertion:

> A second familiar but still-underutilized approach to reducing the number of [unwanted pregnancies] is, of course, to prevent pregnancy through the only proven means for doing so: sex education and the wide availability of birth control. Some will no doubt think that the only moral means of pregnancy prevention is abstention from sex. But it doesn't work as policy because people don't abstain. *This is the lesson of human history* [My italics].

Where has the man been for the last 25 years? (Well, in Cambridge, Massachusetts, which perhaps explains everything.) He has clearly not been paying attention to the tragic results of similar policy recommendations already in action. Sex education is being taught in public schools to younger and younger kids, and contraceptives have never been more widely available and more widely used. Yet the rates of illegitimacy, teen pregnancy, and abortion continue to rise. Mr. Tribe is not dissuaded by the facts. His idea of "compromise" is to

> pour significant sums of research and development money into new forms of contraception that will be safer or will feel less awkward or unnatural to use than currently available methods. . . . The development of such technologies has potential for dramatically shifting our conception of what is "natural." Human beings obviously aren't "hard-wired" for birth control. Perhaps males may even be biologically programed to distribute their genes as widely as possible.

Is Mr. Tribe in favor of "naturalness," or opposed to it?

Mr. Robertson is articles editor for The Human Life Review.

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More than once, Mr. Tribe objects to the supposed rhetorical dishonesty of pro-life groups:

> As the Reagan era was to make clear with some frequency, verbal and visual packaging could be vital; it was no accident that these provisions bore "human life" rather than "anti-abortion" or "anti-choice" labels.

Well, it "was no accident that" this book has set a new record in the thriving industry of devising euphemisms for abortion. It is variously described as "a basic source of personal autonomy and self-respect," the "right of women not to be made mothers against their will," the right "not to be forced to remain pregnant," "the freedom to decide whether or not to endure pregnancy," "the liberty to resist the conscription of her body as a vessel and vehicle for another life." I could continue, but you get the picture. In Mr. Tribe's world, opposition to abortion has simply become a matter of men forcing women to bear children that they do not want in order to "pre-

RANDOM NOTES

■ Walking the long aisles of colorful displays at the Ninetieth Convention of the American Booksellers Association (ABA), I came to the booth of the not yet week-old HarperCollins, the allision of erstwhile independents, Harper & Row (U.S.) and Collins (UK). I stood there admiring the new logo (a torch hovering over a fountain), and a revelation of less-than-Biblical dimensions hit me. (It may have been the 109-degree desert sun outside the Las Vegas Convention Center, or the press of 24,000 souls inside—actual booksellers outnumbered by the rest of us four to one—that prompted my prophetic utterance.)

"In the future," I told a former Harper & Row colleague, "there will be ten publishers—all of them remainder houses."

At ABA this gets a knowing chuckle. Remainder houses, more prominent in the hall this year than ever before, are the industry's bottom feeders, the firms specializing in "publisher's overstock" and "promotional books." They buy—at just above or just below cost—the books publishers can't sell (including *bestsellers* wildly over printed), and merchandize them—deeply discounted—to booksellers, who, in turn, sell them for a fraction of the original cover price, sometimes dangerously undercutting paperback sales. The *New York Times Hardcover Bestseller!—Was $18.95, now $5.98!* There is an *ecology* of publishing, a food chain. From what I saw in Vegas, the scavengers continue to grow fat.

When I was at Bantam in the mid Seventies, we'd occasionally joke that it would be less costly if certain books simply went from the printer directly to the shredder (mass market paperbacks aren't remaindered). But I suppose the future won't *really* eliminate the stages between promise and failure. Shortfalls in profit will continue to be come by honestly: by thinking up books that won't sell, by pricing them beyond the means of most consumers, and by abandoning the books once they've been printed and bound, boxed and shipped. But that's yesterday's news; dog bites man.

The rabid humans worth reporting on were going about ABA decrying the rising tide of censorship in America, although who exactly are the canines they want to nip remains unclear. Methinks they're feeling cultural tremors they barely understand, and that their snarling is mostly at the moon. A new watchdog was leashed: the American Booksellers Foundation for Free Expression. It intends to "protect and preserve the rights of free expression," because, as a recent full-page newspaper ad signed by the presidents of ABA and Waldenbooks put it, there is "a growing pattern of increasing intolerance, which is changing the fabric of America." Yes, this is the same America *you* live in—a land of oppression where lunatic librarians refuse to stock *Little Red Riding Hood*, and bigoted zealots demand that *Penthouse* and *Playboy* be removed from the shelves of 7-Eleven. But it's not about the girlie mags—it's about Intellectual Freedom.

At the upcoming 109th American Library Association (ALA) Conference, more seminars are scheduled to discuss IF, as they call it, than any topic except "Women in Librarianship." Included is the "Second Annual Get to Know Intellectual Freedom Reception" with "*hors d'oeuvres* and a cash bar to help you get involved in IF." At ALA as at ABA, there is a sense of urgency about IF, because IF is the key to protecting diversity—especially now that courts are returning social policy to the democratic process.

Which brings me to my second heated, prophetic apostrophe. I stood there in the ABA's Gay and Lesbian section, listening to a bearded lady read from the *Publishers Weekly Show Daily* about the previous evening's multi-cultural festivities: "Diversity Celebrated at Lambda Awards." A tear came to her eye as she read from the "Lammie" acceptance speech of a black poet, winner for best work, as I understand it, by somebody dying of AIDS: "One award will not counterbalance a continuing invisibility of lesbian and gay writers of color."

And so hearing, I did spread wide mine arms, and did incline mine eyes toward the roof of the Convention Center:

"Where, O Lord . . . where is your servant, Jesse Jackson?" Thus spake I.

Then I remembered JJ's still *persona non grata* at the ABA, having failed to deliver—so far—on two separate book contracts, and—so far—having failed to return any of the advance money.

"What is *diversity*, anyway?" a Christian publisher wanted to know, and I told him to imagine the geometry of the desert outside. Diversity is the great, arid, flat utopia where truth is everything that can be conceived.

"No differences, huh?"

"Wrong," I said. "There are only differences—like the colors of the rainbow. It's just that there is no value—all things being equal."

But I wouldn't want you to think ABA was without the usual small-time hype. There was the book, *The Empowered Woman*, and the oval buttons ("Empowered Woman"), and the T-shirts, "Empowered Woman's Husband," and the movement, the Network of Empowered Women (NEW), a post-feminist Tupperware party for the Filofax Generation organized by a couple of entrepreneurial ladies with Cross pens. And there was the Man School, a "book and related merchandise package" produced by one Patti Putnicki, 31, CEO of Patti Industries in Dallas. "Related merchandise" includes a computer-generated Man School transcript showing a fellow's grades in such manly courses as car etiquette and gadget worship. Also available are T-shirts, sweatshirts, and, "in lieu of a mortarboard," a tassled baseball cap. Miss Putnicki is unmarried.

—Brad Miner

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serve the power that some of us wield over others, that men in particular wield over women."

What is never mentioned, of course, is the much more common phenomenon of men forcing women to get abortions in order to evade the responsibilities of fatherhood. Mr. Tribe's elaborate scheme of "protections" for women does not address this glaring form of abuse. Nor is there any mention of the fact that women are much more likely than men to oppose abortion.

All this makes his obligatory call in the last chapter for "a greater measure of humility" on both sides of the abortion debate utterly ludicrous. His only reproof of "pro-choice" excesses comes near the end of the book. Perhaps as an afterthought to guard against the inevitable charge that the book is "unbalanced," he writes:

> Some pro-choice "true believers" can barely conceal their contempt for what they regard as the prejudiced, superstitious, backward views of pro-life groups. Indeed, some in the pro-choice camp embrace, at least implicitly, a doctrine of "false consciousness" that permits them to dismiss pro-life *women* in particular as benighted victims of social conditioning that prevents their views from authentically reflecting their own genuine needs and deepest beliefs.

It would never occur to Mr. Tribe that this is a fair, even *charitable*, description of his own views. □

Pep

RICHARD BROOKHISER

PUT PAGE SIX, Liz Smith, and the Style section together, add ellipses, and you have the mix of Walter Winchell—but not the reach. At his height, in the Forties, his six-day-a-week newspaper column was read by fifty million people, while his weekly radio broadcast (number one on the airwaves) was heard by more. Press agents fawned on him; careers and marriages took off or ran on the rocks because of his well- or ill-timed words; he thought he was a friend of Franklin Roosevelt, he was a friend of Damon Runyon, and he arranged the surrender of Louis Lepke to J. Edgar Hoover. Today, all that remains of him is the sandpaper voiceover on reruns of *The Untouchables*. *Walter Winchell*, by journalist Michael Herr, is a factional look at the rise and fall of a celebrity celebrity-maker.

Walter Winchell, by Michael Herr (Knopf, 158 pp., $18.95)

Herr wanted to write a movie about Winchell, but evidently no one wanted to make one (probably, I would guess, because of the subject's mustiness—now *there's* a fall). So, with a few twiddles, Herr put his screenplay between hard covers, which must be nice work, if you can get it. Prose in the author's voice is held to a minimum, and a very erratic minimum: thus, a character is apt to watch something "like a hawk," to walk "lost in thought," or to observe, of money, that "it can't buy happiness" (this last, put in the mouth of Ernest Hemingway, no less). One of the funniest scenes in the book is a fossilized sight gag.

> Then her expression changes [Winchell is dancing with Hedy Lamarr]; surprise, amusement, embarrassment, even pleasure. "Walter!" she says.

"What? . . . Oh," he says. He moves away from her and takes a Colt .38 out of his pocket.

With description and introspection prised out, all that remains of a novel is dialogue. But this is playing to strength, for Herr has a good ear, and most of what it hears is spoken by Winchell, which makes for a lively ride.

We follow Winchell, an ambitious New York kid, into a loveless stage marriage and a fizzling stage career. "I got pep," he tells a skeptical agent. "Everybody says so." "Pep you got," comes the answer, "but pep ain't talent." Then, he finds his métier—churning out snappy notices about the lives and fortunes of the performers he lives among. These graduate from the *Vaudeville News* to the New York papers, as their author graduates from hotel rooms in Scranton and Moline to Table 50 at the Stork Club. "Ernesto," Winchell tells Hemingway in 1943, "I got the whole town wired. I know all about it. I know who's doin' what to who, how long they've been doing it, how much they're doing it for, the where, the when, the how, the who hit Nelly in the belly with a flounder."

Winchell had a classic New York City tone of voice—knowing, aggressive, self-centered, energetic. Nowadays we think of that tone as Jewish, though I suspect there is more than a little blarney in it, and I would bet that black New Yorkers will become the custodians of it in a few years, and that Chinese New Yorkers will pick it up a few years after that. The most famous recent mouthpiece for it was probably Mayor Koch. It's a tone the rest of the country can take only so much of (Koch's larger political career ended the day he said Upstaters wore gingham dresses), but it's also one it keeps wanting to take.

Why did Winchell stop being the nation's supplier? Herr tries out a few explanations. One is the rise of television. Winchell had a disastrous fling with the new medium, which Herr describes, but I don't buy it. There are major radio careers to this day; Paul Harvey still rules the cornlands. Another is politics. The fan of FDR became a McCarthyite and an enemy of "Scummunists." This may be nearer the mark; Winchell's right turn certainly embroiled him in a damaging feud with the *New York Post*, then a left-liberal organ.

The main reason for his fading, though, was probably the inherent tendency of such phenomena to implode. Winchell, for twenty-odd years, conveyed a mood that is central to New York's cachet: the sense of the city as an epicenter, the place where things are happening. This is a true and exhilarating perception; yet, if one brings nothing of one's own to the gaudy parade, a dangerous and emptying one as well. Things wear out, including ourselves; and then what is left? "Tell me now in what hidden way is Lady Flora the lovely Roman?" The vaudeville agent was right: pep, like beauty, isn't enough.

If Walter Winchell had had a trace of Hemingway's talent, or even Runyon's, he might, seeing what he saw, knowing who he knew, survive as more than the subject of a brisk but ultimately melancholy little book. □

Mr. Brookhiser is an NR *senior editor and a columnist for the* New York Observer.

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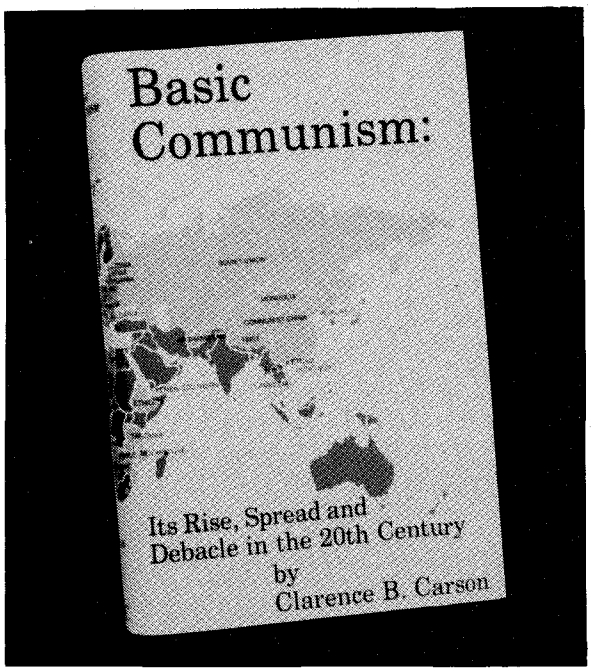

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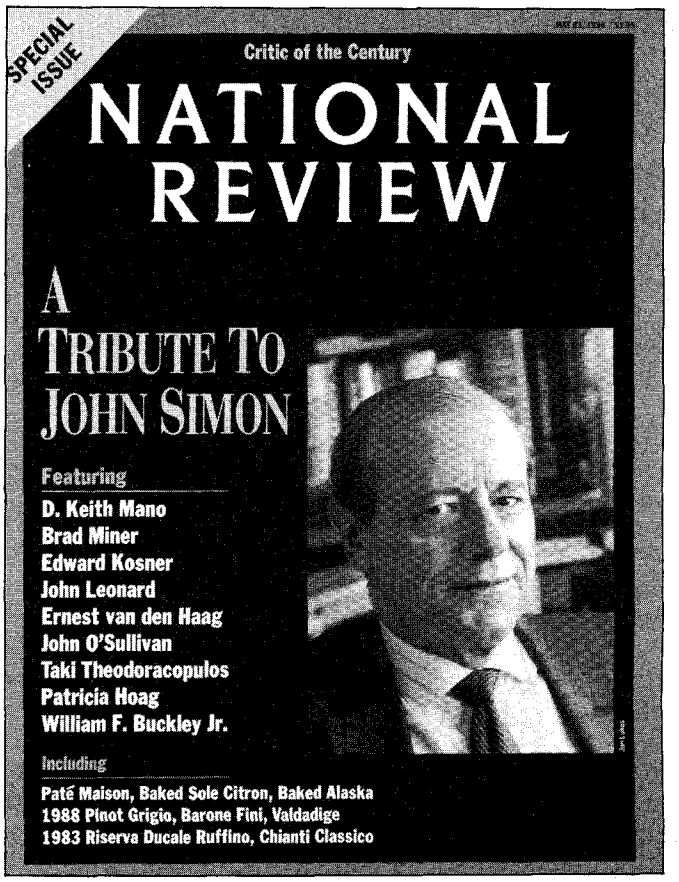
A TOAST BY WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN. We have all heard tonight about the art of John Simon, even though we didn't really need to do so, since it is self-evident. But really that doesn't matter, does it? We have had a balsamic reiteration, done in different tongues, of what we know, are glad that we know, pity those who do not know, and are proud to be associated with. Back when Bill Sheed was reviewing movies for *Esquire*, he confided to me—I suppose I am at this point required to acknowledge that the confidence has run its life cycle—that he "reviewed movies in the same sense that pigeons review statues." It's true one has the impression, reading Simon by the metric ton, that he is thus engaged; but it isn't his fault, is it?, that the demands of the consuming public outweigh the resources of our gifted artisans. In this respect, even the most orthodox of us at NATIONAL REVIEW would need to concede that the doctrine of supply-side has its limits. If one insisted on viewing every week a play of the quality of Shakespeare's, the generative economic impulse would, unhappily, fail to effect the genetic transmutation. And



Program

Master of Ceremonies

D. Keith Mano

12 Minutes with Gerald Ranck on the Harpsichord

Chromatic Fantasy EWV 903, J. S. Bach
Two Sonatas A Major, D Major, D. Scarlatti
Entry of the Queen of Sheba, G. F. Handel

Toasters

Brad Miner
Edward Kosner
John Leonard
Ernest van den Haag
John O'Sullivan
Taki Theodoracopulos
Patricia Hoag
William F. Buckley Jr.

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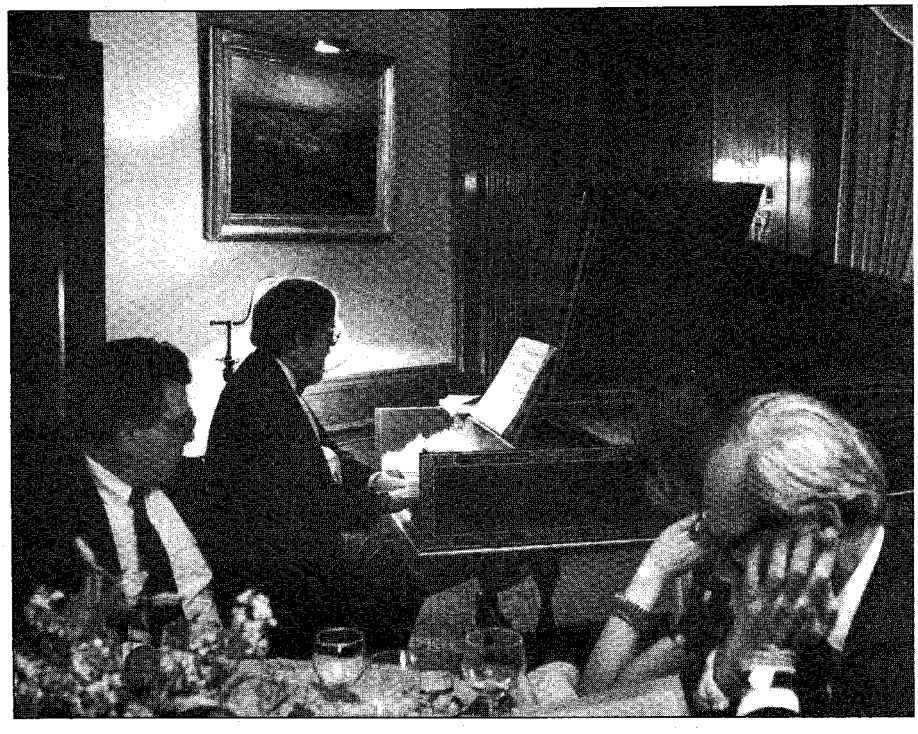
The guest of honor, *desnudo*.

anyway, a final point on the artistic point is—obviously—that if supply-side worked in art as it does, say, in T-shirts, it isn't even obvious that the pressures would be there to create one after another John-Simon-flick. This is in part, as acknowledged, because the talent is not reproductive at the necessary level. In part because the demand isn't truly there. There are even some among us who don't always want to see the kind of movie that excites our guest of honor. There are some of us who, spotting at the end of a day's work, in the subway, or in the limousine, a copy of *USA Today* and another of the *Christian Science Monitor*, will find ourselves picking up the roccoco tabloid. We need to understand, though, that such critics as we can be especially proud of do not sleep through the lazy hours of the day. They are on duty to tell us what we missed, as also to tell us what we didn't miss.

Our dealings with John Simon over ten years have been with one exception as perfect as anyone could have with a contributing editor. He is unfailing in the quality of his work, and unfailing in the courtesy of his

The dining room, Union League Club. John Leonard is at the microphone. "To my surprise, I've known John Simon for almost a quarter of a century. If from Buckley I learned the meaning of words like 'nugatory,' 'usufruct,' 'enthymematic,' and 'endogamous,' from Simon I learned the meaning of 'rutilent,' 'tonitruous,' 'caducity,' 'esuriently,' and 'comate' (either 'having a comma' or being 'hairy and tufted')."



Gerald Ranck at the harpsichord. Twelve beautiful minutes.

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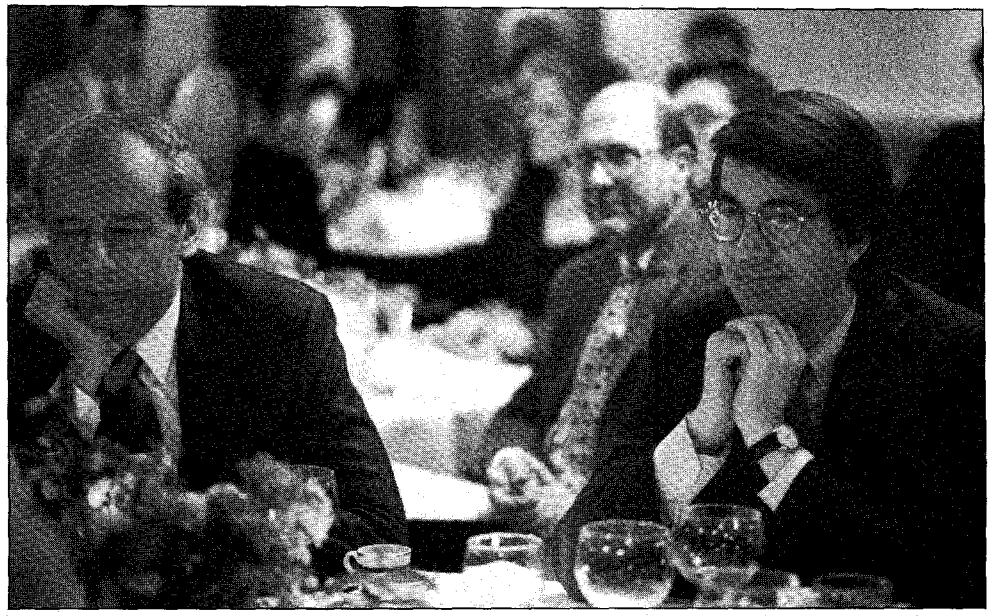

The guest of honor, *vestido*, and *NR* publisher, Wick Allison.

manner. We face the problem of the review that is seven hundred words too long, and so we have our mini-crises, which are climaxed by John calling to tell me, with just a hint of drama in his voice, that he desires to be a critic, not a reviewer. This is followed by an accommodationist gesture on *his* part, and an accommodationist gesture on *our* part; and, before long, everybody is happy, and John Simon is consuming about as much space as he desires.

It is widely supposed by people who tend to routine thought, that life in and about NATIONAL REVIEW is a life obsessed with political preoccupation. I doubt anyone could more confidently note that this happens not to be the case, than John Simon. I haven't the slightest idea what his own politics are, though I do hope he has learned as much from us, as we have learned from him. He doesn't come in that frequently: no editors do any more, in the age of the fax and the modem. But usually not more than a month or two go by before one of us sees him, in the office, at a restaurant, or at my house. Those who meet him for the first time are struck by his gentility, as of course by his wit and erudition. There is something about him that is an act of dramatic betrayal of the persona one expects from the public reputation.

I close by recalling an intellectual approached at a café in Madrid by a journalist during the high days of Francisco Franco. The journalist leaned over and whispered, "What do you think of Franco?" The intellectual raised his finger and beckoned to the journalist to accompany him.

They walked silently through the maze of urban Madrid. Across grand avenues. Down the length of the huge park. To a canoe at the playground. The intellectual rowed silently to the center of the lake, raised his oar, and said:

"I like him."

Well, I like John Simon. Whom I toast with pride and affection. □

A List, Not Complete, of Illustrious People Not Invited to this Dinner

Edward Albee
Clive Barnes
Peter Brook
Chevy Chase
Alexander Cohen
Joan Didion
John Gregory Dunne
Herb Gardner
Elliott Gould
Francine du Plessix Gray
Molly Haskell
Pauline Kael
Madeline Kahn
Alfred Kazin
Diane Keaton
Ralph Lauren
Arthur Laurents
Andrew Lloyd Webber
Craig Lucas
Norman Mailer
David Mamet
Sylvia Miles
Arthur Miller
Liza Minnelli
Joseph Papp
Mandy Patinkin
Harold Pinter
Rex Reed
Hubert Saal
Mort Sahl
Andrew Sarris
Peter Sellars
Wallace Shawn
Liz Smith
Stephen Sondheim
George Steiner
Teresa Stratas
Barbra Streisand
James Toback
Maria Tucci
Barbara Walters
Robert Wilson

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FILM

Willing Victims

JOHN SIMON

A QUARTER CENTURY ago, Hubert Selby Jr.'s novel ***Last Exit to Brooklyn*** was published to the roars of a *succès de scandale*. It concerned some desperately drifting lowlife characters in a 1952 Brooklyn where no tree was growing, only bleakness, violence, perversion, and, at best, a kind of crude horseplay, blue-collar bumptiousness classifiable as Rabelais *redux*.

I recall being put off by the book's very title, which seemed to pump exoticism into the commonplace: *Last Train from Madrid*, fine; but what does "last exit to Brooklyn" mean: that if you don't get off here, you may find yourself in the Coney Island amusement park? Meeting the author at a Y reading didn't help, either; he seemed too wispy to have experienced all this tough stuff. I didn't know about his running off to sea at 15, his tuberculosis, the ribs he had removed, the drug addiction only a jail stay could stop, and other such authenticating details from his past and future.

I tried to read the book, but I gave up discouraged in fairly short order. Now I cannot find a copy, and so cannot tell you how faithful the film version is; but the German-American collaboration—mostly German, which may account for its grittiness—is strong fare for strong stomachs.

What Desmond Nakano, the young Japanese-American screenwriter, and Uli Edel, the German director, have done is to weave together the six more or less discrete stories by using the sort of cross-cutting D.W. Griffith created for *Intolerance*. But making things easier here is the sameness of locale: a Brooklyn consisting of a diner, a bar, an overcrowded apartment, the gate to a steelworks closed because of a strike, and the union office across the way where strike policy is plotted. We also get glimpses of the shipyards, and an inkling of an unseen military installation beyond. The outdoor locations really are Brooklyn; shot by Stefan Czapsky around Red Hook at night, the look is harsh and true. Manhattan scenes, seemingly shot in Brooklyn, look less convincing.

The three main plot strands concern the shop steward Harry Black, the prostitute Tralala, and an Italian family. Harry is now the strike secretary, and has never had it so good, allowed as he is (he thinks) into the union cashbox at will. When a bunch of hoods, led by Vinnie, just out of jail, beats up some servicemen, nearly killing the one who came to Tralala's defense when Vinnie was yelling at her, Harry, having watched with delight what happened, corroborates all the hood's lies to the police. Harry hates his home life with a baby and love-hungry wife; when he makes love to her, it's more like a beating. On the other hand, he is strangely stirred up by Georgette, a transvestite chasing after Vinnie, whom Vinnie and his gang end up bloodily torturing.

Harry treats the hoods to beer at the union office, eventually even cabs them to Manhattan, where they head for a transvestite orgy, and Harry falls hard for Regina, a transvestite whore; Georgette, racing in a drugged stupor after Vinnie, is run over by a truck. The infatuated Harry gets back late to Brooklyn for a ferocious confrontation at the factory gates between trucked-in scabs and cops versus striking workers. Even though Harry fights valiantly in the pitched battle, his arriving there late and having made free with the union funds get him fired. Broke, he is rejected by Regina, too; when he tries, drunkenly, to pick up a young boy, Vinnie's hoods beat him to a pulp and suspend him from some girders, where he is left hanging like a caricature of Christ.

Tralala specializes in luring servicemen out of the crowded bar (this is the time of the Korean conflict), leading them to an abandoned car, and preparing them, as she kneels before them, for oral sex; Vinnie and his hoods then sneak up from behind, clobber the soldier or sailor, roll him, and divide the spoils with Tralala. One night, for fun, they don't intervene, but watch her have to go through with the act. Furious, she takes off for Manhattan with a soldier—a major trip; he passes out, she rolls him and goes off with a young lieutenant soon to be shipped to Korea. Though she almost robs him, too, they have some idyllic days together. Embarking, he hands her an envelope with (she hopes) money; instead, it's a love letter with plans for the future.

Mr. Simon, NR's film critic, is also theater critic for New York *magazine.*

NOW SHOWING

Camille Claudel is the rather faithfully reported story of Rodin's mistress. As biography it rates a 9½; as a film, roughly a 5. Isabelle Adjani and Gérard Depardieu are mostly effective, and the best cinematography I have seen all year makes it, for me, a must.

The Cook, the Thief, His Wife & Her Lover is a true horror, a film whose detestableness is heralded by its ponderous title. I have always considered the interior decorator one of the more sinister influences on modern life, particularly when, like director Peter Greenaway, he sets himself up as a social-metaphysical moviemaker.

Driving Miss Daisy transfers an intimate three-character play to the screen without losing its modest, bittersweet charm. As played by Jessica Tandy and Morgan Freeman, Miss Daisy and her chauffeur are infinitely rich in shading.

The Handmaid's Tale is inept and annoying. I have scant use for author Margaret Atwood, screenwriter Harold Pinter, or director Volker Schlöndorff, and Natasha Richardson is miscast as a joyless sperm receptacle.

My Left Foot is an unsentimental portrayal of an Irish lad afflicted with cerebral palsy who grew up to be an acclaimed writer and painter—with his left foot. Daniel Day Lewis gives a performance of awesome authenticity leavened with roguish, iconoclastic wit.

—JOHN SIMON

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Disappointed by this and her failure to be able to steal another soldier from a fellow whore, as usual, by the count of ten, Tralala tears off her blouse, exposes "the greatest tits in the Western world," and invites everyone in the dive to ball her. Carried out to the same abandoned car, she at first exults in the rapes and maulings, but in the end barely survives. Spook, an adolescent who has loved her platonically, and who has promised her the first ride on the motorbike he's been saving up for, now seeks her on a pathetic, hand-me-down bike; he finds her, dragged out into the open beside the car, being belabored by the last ruffian. In a fury of love, Spook beats him off, only to collapse sobbing on Tralala's body. The girl recovers enough to put an arm around him and whisper, "Don't cry!" in the travesty of a Pietà.

Katherine Trunk

I'll give short shrift to the Italian family, providing comic relief with their gross grotesqueries. An enormously obese daughter is impregnated by a young man who is then coerced into marrying her. There is a fistfight in which he decks his prospective father-in-law; at the baptism, which follows fast upon the wedding, there is a brawl during which the father-in-law returns the compliment, in the process knocking the baby out of its cradle. Finally, though, the strike is over, and most of these people joyously pour back to work through the now opened gates, suggesting the Red Sea parting for the children of Israel: the film strives to be mythic.

Yet the material is extremely unprepossessing. Still, so is *The Lower Depths*, but Gorky's play has worked on both stage and screen. The problem with the film (as perhaps also with the book) is the lack of any real relief. Everything is sordid and sinister, and ends in pain and misery; it is hard to imagine that a shotgun marriage to a woman-mountain bodes well for anyone, either. There is a hopelessness hovering over this seedy neighborhood, these thwarted lives, seldom if ever carried through consistently in an American movie. The only clear winner is the union, as, in an almost endless closing shot, the work force throngs through the opened gate. Even there, however, the memory of that conflagration at those very gates, where only obliterating hoses finally drowned the violence, tends to diminish the elation of the ending.

But the cinematography makes up for much. In the near-continuous night scenes, extremely sensitive film and sparing lighting must have combined for the grainy look of newsreels, the camera having to struggle to get the action on film at all. Amid the relentless, ghostly blue of night, the human figures and faces loom like pastel chalkmarks on a blackboard, the chalk only thinly encrusting the board. Even the most flushed faces—all but Tralala's defiantly crimson lips—seem only transient victories wrested from the bruising night stalking them from all directions.

The interiors—whether at the shabby diner, the dingy and pullulating bar, the lurid, homosexual pad—are differently drained of color. Here everything is khaki or a soiled beige and brown, as if bile and rust were divvying up the world between them. But the performances have a lurid glow, from Harry and Tralala down to Georgette and Regina, the cast comprises American actors. Jennifer Jason Leigh brings to Tralala a toughness that contrasts nicely with a face that not even a platinum bob and a burning mouth can rob of its essential childlikeness. And neither the thrust-out body nor the spat-out speech can efface an underlying vulnerability.

Stephen Lang's Harry looks like a nice young man with a crew cut made up to play a Neanderthal. Surely, the beetle brow is make-up; the bulging pair of eyeballs, trick photography. But no, this face is truly transfigured with repressed violence, with the hate (not love) it makes to a yearning wife, with the erupting craving for effeminate boys. If only *Last Exit* went a little deeper into what Selby has baffingly called its need to "find forgiveness." I'd like to hear him explain that one to his graduate classes at the University of Southern California.

■ Most reviewers have been hard on Pedro Almodóvar's ***Tie Me Up! Tie Me Down!*** Yet the young Spanish filmmaker was trying, in his way, to be more wholesomely affirmative than usual, and was punished for it.

Máximo, a raunchy, wheelchair-bound old director, is making a softcore porn movie starring Marina, a siren whose life is as *louche* as her movies. Ricky, a slightly peculiar orphan, has been confined to a psychiatric ward where he has been servicing an amorous directress; released at 23, he heads straight for the studio where Máximo and Marina are filming. During one of his many escapes from the institution, Ricky spent a wild night with Marina, and naïvely hopes to marry her. She doesn't even recognize him, so he kidnaps her, slaps her around a bit, ties her to the bed when necessary, but doesn't rape her. With tenderness and catering to her every demand, he hopes to bind Marina's heart rather than her limbs. And she does make demands: drugs for her addiction and, later, for a bad tooth; drugs hard and risky to get. But Ricky gets them.

Part of the film concerns the paralyzed director's attempts to possess his star vicariously through filming her; a much greater part concerns Ricky's unorthodox wooing. It's an old, established *topos*: Beauty and the Beast, or how the evil ravisher's genuine passion wins over his pure victim. The situation is usually drastic, as in the great Jacobean tragedy *The Changeling*, in Faulkner's *Sanctuary* and its British ripoff, *No Orchids for Miss Blandish*, and, more recently, *The Collector*.

Ricky, however, is a respectful little

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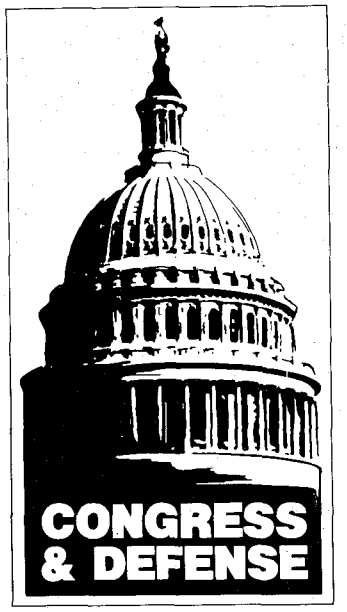

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monster, and Marina a dangerous, uninnocent victim. This enables Almodóvar to tell a less disturbing, indeed comic, tale and earn the right to a happy ending. And the boyishness of Antonio Banderas (Ricky), the drivenness of Francisco Rabal (Máximo), the sexiness and talent of Victoria Abril (Marina) help this often amusing movie hurdle an obstacle course of tastelessness and improbabilities with slapdash bravado. □

SOUND ON DISC

Schubert, Purcell, Verdi & Others

RALPH DE TOLEDANO

"AS AN INSTRUMENT, the piano is a sort of magic device which can communicate everything from a singing voice to orchestra sound," Paul Badura-Skoda, perhaps the greatest of today's interpretive pianists, has remarked. This is what makes the piano concerto so exciting, for it gives us orchestra against orchestra, speaking together or alone. But he also notes another essential element in playing the piano—"the all-important horizontal line, the line as such. Most pianists, because of the nature of the instrument, think of music vertically in harmonies." Schubert, I would say, was aware of this far more than most composers because he thought always in terms of melody, inspiring Liszt to say that Schubert was *"le musicien le plus poète que jamais."*

The realization of this quality and an understanding of the horizontal line is what makes a new recording of the Schubert *Sonata in A minor and his Moments Musicaux*, by Maria João Pires, so fine and so delightful. They are carried predominantly by the right hand with only a minor assist from a quietly chording left. It is lyricism, with no orchestral pretensions or cleverness. The performer can easily be fooled by the seeming simplicity of these pieces, the *Moments Musicaux* in particular, but Pires penetrates them in a lovely and perceptive performance. Never does she fall prey to the "seriousness" which Schnabel brought to them years ago. (Deutsche Grammophon CD 427769-2.)

■ The horizontal line was important also to Mozart, but he was too much the virtuoso at the instrument to forget its vertical potential—and it does not take a recording of the *Piano Concertos Nos. 24 & 27* by Malcolm Bilson, with the English Baroque Soloists, John Eliot Gardiner conducting—to tell us so. Both of these we have heard so often, particularly the *No. 24*, that the familiarity loses something for us. Are we hearing true, or is the memory filling lapses in the performance that do not exist? This is an "original instruments" reading with Bilson playing the more amenable forte piano which blends with the Mozartean orchestra much better than today's concert grand. But I detect in it a certain lack of fluidity, almost a woodenness, when piano and orchestra come together. (Deutsche Grammophon/Archiv CD 427 652-2.)

Tim Bower

■ This cannot be said of Roger Norrington's traversal of Beethoven's *Emperor Concerto, No. 5*, with the London Classical Players, Melvyn Tan at the forte piano. Though this concerto is, too, very familiar, Norrington brings to it the kind of excitement that makes it new again. Tan at the forte piano is neither the interpreter nor the technician that Badura-Skoda is in his Music & Arts "live" recording, but Tan is carried aloft by Norrington's conducting and he is far more than adequate. The record completes the Norrington/Tan cycle of the Beethoven piano concertos and they are the best you can have on CD. (Angel / EMI CDC 7 49965 2.)

■ Henry Purcell, undoubtedly England's greatest composer and the jewel of its golden age of choral and orchestral polyphony, lived one year longer than Mozart and five more than Schubert—and like them left a treasure house of music. One of his contemporaries wrote that he had "a peculiar genius to express the energy of English words"—something that he had surely demonstrated in *Dido and Aeneas*, which Gustave Holst argued was the "only perfect opera ever written." Purcell lived and wrote during the Restoration, when the arts were released from the prisons of the Cromwellian Terror. There was an exquisite craftsmanship in everything he wrote—a gift of melody as bounteous as Mozart's, harmony and lyrical power, and a feeling for orchestral color. These can be found in *Odes*, a recording of three of his celebratory works—*Come, Ye Sons of Art, Welcome to All the Pleasures*—dedicated to St. Cecilia—and *The Yorkshire Feast Song*. They are performed beautifully and with all the proper enthusiasm by the English Concert and Choir, directed with his usual solidity by Trevor Pinnock. Perhaps this recording, and others that have been appearing on CD, will lead to a revival of this great musical voice, the last before the unexplained silence which befell Britain and has never really been broken. (Deutsche Grammophon/Archiv 427 663-2.)

Verdi's *Messa da Requiem* has been called, in a kind of acerbic put down, his greatest opera. In some Protestant countries, there was once hearty disapproval of the *Requiem*, as if the greatest drama in man's life was diminished by so rich a statement. But Verdi, a devout Catholic, was giving

Mr. Toledano is an NR *contributing editor and author of a forthcoming autobiography.*

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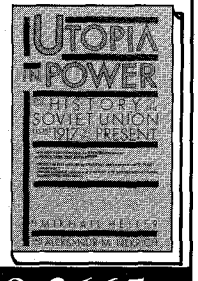

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■ Like another Hector, Hector Berlioz is said to have perished under the walls of Troy—more specifically in *Les Troyens*, his last work. This, of course, is nonsense. No composer so full of the *joie de vivre* and the *joie de combattre* would have languished because of his critics. (They had assailed him before without sending him into the wings on his shield.) Highlights from the opera, in a Paris recording, demonstrate that *Les Troyens* is vintage Berlioz. Both Régine Crespin as Cassandra and Guy Chauvet as Aeneas, with the Orchestra and Chorus of the Théâtre National de l'Opéra de Paris, performing in the more subtle French style, acquit themselves with honor. And that it is highlights, rather than the complete opera, is for me at least a plus. I am second to no one in my love of Berlioz, but the full operas defeat me. Now, if the record companies give us Norrington conducting the *Harold in Italy* and the *Enfance du Christ* with the brilliance that he brought to the *Symphonie Fantastique*, we will sing our hosannas. (Angel / EMI CDM 763480 2.)

■ After a reading of the score of the Brahms *Second Symphony*, Edouard Lalo railed: "An inferior spirit whose pick-ax has probed every nook of counterpoint and modern harmony" and whose "imitativeness is always insignificant." Another contemporary, Max Reger, held that Brahms was "the greatest living composer," the *Second Symphony* placing him "in a direct line after Beethoven." These were typical reactions during Brahms's lifetime. Today, we hold Beethoven to be almost *sui generis* and Brahms sitting in the pantheon of music alongside the other great Bs. And the *Second Symphony*, against which Lalo expostulated, is seen as a work of depth and eloquence, rooted in a musical tradition which perished with the composer. What can also be said in Brahms's honor is that he was hated by Wagner and returned the compliment. What I like and respect about a new recording of the work by Claudio Abbado conducting the Berlin Philharmonic is its measure and its dignity. There are no tricks and no bravura. It is fine, solid Brahms, and that is more than enough. (Deutsche Grammophon CD 427 643-2.) □

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35 F	36 K	37 I	38 J	39 G	40 B	41 A	42 M	■	43 T	44 D	45 F	46 L	■	47 B	48 N	49 Q	50 P	51 J	■	52 E	53 R
54 M	55 I	■	56 C	57 G	58 H	■	59 N	60 S	61 C	62 O	■	63 B	64 L	■	65 H	66 K	67 T	■	68 F	69 P	70 D
■	71 H	72 B	73 I	74 M	75 L	■	76 E	77 Q	78 N	■	79 G	80 C	81 H	■	82 O	83 I	84 M	85 H	86 B	87 S	■
88 P	89 E	90 D	91 M	92 J	93 F	■	94 U	95 L	96 A	■	97 K	98 O	99 I	■	100H	101C	102J	103E	104B	■	105Q
106R	107K	■	108D	109A	110I	111P	■	112M	113E	114G	■	115U	116Q	117C	118N	119A	120O	121D	122T	■	123L
124B	125P	126E	■	127A	128G	129J	130F	131N	■	132L	133S	134H	135I	136F	■	137N	138U	139G	■	140H	141A
142C	143J	144Q	145M	146B	■	147N	148L	149J	150U	151P	■	152J	153T	■	154D	155M	156H	157C	■	158B	159R
160P	161H	162K	■	163O	■	164S	165L	166F	167M	168I	■	169K	170I	171E	172J	■	173F	■	174A	175P	■
176L	177G	178T	179Q	■	180F	181H	182I	183N	■	184C	■	185D	186J	■	187K	188A	189N	190R	■	■	■

DEFINITIONS

A. Organized Competition — 119 109 96 141 127 188 174 18 41 3

B. Extravagant, in the air (hyph.) — 124 63 158 72 47 86 146 40 22 104

C. Stressed out — 142 117 13 157 61 101 184 1 31 80 / 56

D. Greek folklore is full of it — 185 70 16 90 121 108 44 25 154

E. Pennsylvania city known for its clocks — 171 76 28 89 113 126 4 52 103

F. Cruise-ship diversion — 68 6 45 27 180 136 130 35 173 166 / 21 93

G. One kind of confession — 114 139 177 79 57 8 128 39

H. Bread spread from the winesap (2 words) — 134 140 85 181 81 100 156 71 65 58 / 161

I. Clear-thinking with a flat top — 170 73 110 83 135 55 11 182 99 37 / 168

J. Belgrade resident — 186 143 172 20 51 92 152 129 102 149 / 38

K. Without fail—especially for a certain geyser! — 169 97 26 5 66 15 107 187 36 162

L. CSA general (1821–1904) — 176 95 64 148 132 123 46 7 75 165

M. Margaret Mead's field — 112 167 54 17 74 84 2 155 145 91 / 42 32

N. Affable (hyph.) — 183 118 48 59 189 147 78 34 131 10 / 137

O. Personal slant — 33 82 120 98 163 14 62

P. J. Fred Mugg's favorite food (2 words) — 19 160 30 69 111 175 88 9 151 125 / 50

Q. Gave up the floor — 105 29 116 49 144 77 179

R. Napolean defeated the Austrians here in 1796 — 159 106 190 53

S. Pale — 60 164 133 87 24

T. XC — 178 23 122 67 153 43

U. Onetime Dean of baseball — 115 138 12 150 94

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition. **See page 59 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.**

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The NEA and Censorship I

NEW YORK, JUNE 8

The ongoing quarrel over the role of the National Endowment for the Arts suffers from a lack of focus. This is sometimes the doing of the ignorant, sometimes the doing of polemical opportunists. These latter would have us believe that those who have been alarmed by a few recent excesses of the NEA are cryptofascists who favor a general censorship.

Anthony Lewis of the *New York Times* is not ignorant, and therefore must be set down as behaving opportunistically. The technique is hoary: One associates the opposing argument with unseemly people. As in, "The other side, which one might call the fascist side, favors . . ." Consider the matter of the photographs by Andres Serrano: the crucifix immersed in the artist's urine, photographed with the caption, "Piss Christ." Now I think it entirely candid to say that there is a community of people in America, among whom Mr. Lewis is comfortable, who are quite simply unoffended by such a photograph. For one thing, they think of Christ, if ever they do, as a distracting historical superstition responsible for all sorts of human misbehavior; and if some artist wants to express his feeling about Christ by urinating on a crucifix, who are we to object?

Mr. Lewis's column, "Fight the Philistines," begins: "A small band of religious zealots and right-wing political opportunists is trying to show the world that America is an intolerant Puritan country, contemptuous of artists."

How is that for target-bombing those who believe something is functionally wrong with an agency that begets Piss Christs, and circulates pictures by the photographer Robert Mapplethorpe which celebrate (the exact word) homoeroticism and sadomasochism?

The technique, then, is to denounce those who state their objections and to associate them with a great historical pageant of all things horrible. Thus the Protestant minister Donald Wildmon, who has objected to some of the work of the NEA, "would no doubt prefer to live in the Spain of Torquemada, the Massachusetts of Cotton Mather, or the Soviet Union of Stalin."

Sometimes it is painful to be made to think, but at the risk of inflicting cruel & unusual punishment on Mr. Lewis, one needs to lead him, calmly, through a child's garden of syllogisms.

—Censorship, of a generic kind, is exercised every day by myriad authorities. The *New York Times* exercises a benevolent censorship by, for instance, declining to publish the Mapplethorpe photos under discussion. In declining to do this, it can be denounced for exercising narrow censorship; or it can be praised for exercising good judgment.

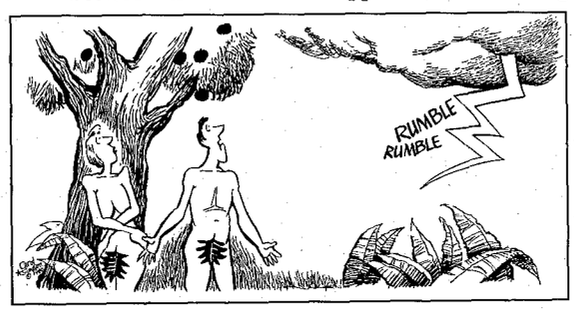
—If the word "censorship" is appropriately used to describe a refusal to back a particular exhibit, then it is also appropriately used to describe the very act of selection. For instance: last October the NEA first pulled back from, and then reinstated, its funding of something called Witnesses: Against Our Vanishing (an exhibition of AIDS-related paintings and photographs). When the agency decided to reverse itself and renew its backing, it did so with one qualification: It declined to pay for the catalogue that was designed to go with the AIDS exhibit. The catalogue was an explosion of anti-Christian odium (the Catholic Church is a "house of walking swastikas"). That catalogue was "censored" by the NEA, we are free then to say.

—But in that case, censorship goes on at a feverish pace, given the discrepancy between the number of applications for NEA money and the money available. For every dollar of the $170 million spent by the NEA, one assumes that an application for two or three dollars was turned down.

On what grounds? Maybe the committee didn't think that other photographer was as "good" as Mapplethorpe. Using what criteria? Well, er . . . the composition wasn't as good, nor the lighting, nor the . . . subject matter as interesting?

Writes Mr. Lewis: "The critics of the NEA, when they want to sound reasonable, say that after all it is only a question of making sure that Government money does not go for objectionable art. But that argument begs the real question: Who decides?"

The real question: Whoever does decide, and somebody must, is what issues from that decision something that critics can call censorship? Censorship, used in this way, goes on every day, in every way, in a free society: and should. □



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"The fig leaves? Some guy named Jesse Helms made us wear 'em."

The NEA and Censorship II

NEW YORK, JUNE 11

The charge of "censorship" tends to be either a technique of intimidation or else an expression of contempt for the exercise of rights other than by artists. But the quarrel over the NEA is more profound. Recently Evans & Novak wrote that an application for an NEA grant had been tentatively approved. The idea was to encourage a "solo theater piece." This kind of thing is known generically as "cutting-edge" art, by which is designated what used to be merely the "avant garde" with the difference that new forms are currently sought out, the idea being that music, canvas, photography, dance, and sculpture do not exhaust the artistic dimensions of the mind's eye. . . . Anyway, this cutting-edge solo theater piece was designed to feature Karen Finley, who appears nude on stage, having smeared chocolate on parts of her body, after which she engages in acts that are designed to "trigger emotional and taboo events."

A guardian angel blew a little whistle into the ear of Chairman Frohnmayer just in time, and Miss Finley was shown the door, and will now need the backing of, oh, the Rockefeller Foundation.

Who leaked the information to Evans & Novak?!!? Mr. Frohnmayer's number two was accused of having done so, but Mr. Al Felz-

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enberg said that he had not, yet even so Mr. Frohnmayer wishes to discharge a good and faithful servant. The eminent Judaic scholar, Jacob Neusner, reported on discussions of the NEA's governing body of which he is a member and was addressed angrily by the chairman who said that if he had the authority he would fire Mr. Neusner, which is a little like firing Maimonides: but such is the tension within the NEA and a reason for it is given in the wonderful calm of Samuel Lipman, the publisher of *The New Criterion*, writing in *Commentary*.

Essentially the difficulty lies, writes Mr. Lipman—a professional musician and music critic—in that the U.S. doesn't have a culture policy. "In 1981, a chairman, Frank Hodsoll, was chosen for the NEA who lacked a background in art or the arts; the battle for his replacement in 1989 was marked by unseemly competition among various old-boy networks, with the final section of John Frohnmayer being made on the basis of pure political patronage. From the beginning, during Hodsoll's regime from 1982–1989, a series of wise and far-reaching reforms—all, now, under Frohnmayer, a thing of the past—were unfortunately wedded to a refusal to make distinctions between programs and grants, between transience and permanence, between high art and entertainment. . . . As was true in the first 15 years of the NEA, it was felt in the Eighties that public support could only be achieved by yoking the agency to the wagons of the glamorous, the famous, and the successful. The White House has abetted this tendency by sponsoring on its premises a mixture of glitz and gloss, Michael Jackson, and now country music."

Lacking a central vision, the NEA has been easily distracted, and has been hospitable to grants that lead to the kind of notoriety brought on by the recent exhibitions. These were for a long time defended on the grounds that the NEA subjected applications to "peer panel review" and that therefore, the NEA was not itself responsible for its grants. "This response was so weak, and ultimately so lacking in philosophical weight, that even seasoned arts administrators—including leading voices at the NEA itself—were soon panicked into claiming that in making provocative grants the NEA was only fulfilling its proper function, since art itself was in its essence provocative. This line of argument, so far from improving matters, merely had the effect of reducing not only the NEA but art itself to being the handmaiden of anger, violence, and social upheaval."

Mr. Lipman sums it up. Artists like Mapplethorpe and Serrano aren't, in their seizures, engaged in making art, but in making polemics. "That being so, it was inevitable that cutting-edge grants would come to be defended by the arts establishment not in terms of artistic achievement but in terms of free speech." □

Gorbachev Entertains

NEW YORK, JUNE 1

It was a wonderful scene, that much of it that television let us in on. Seated on the royal throne: Mikhail I, founder of Gorbachevism. And fanned out before him, the distillate of American cultural prestige, ranging from the Director of the Library of Congress to Jane Fonda.

Gorbachev had warmed them up with a half hour's impromptu remarks. At least, one must hope they were impromptu, because if they were prepared, they were miserably prepared. His mood was genial, and he lapsed quickly into the vernacular-didactic: Einstein addressing high-school sophomores on the nature & habits of the Fourth Dimension. See, capitalism isn't something you can just usher in. Any more than you can just usher in a baby! It takes nine months! So that all those protests here and there in the USSR are to be expected, because there are birthing pains. Understand? The class nodded their heads, and chuckled.

We then saw, or read about, recitals by class members done to catch the fancy of the king. I saw Henry Kissinger, who with that gift he has for total solemnity pronounced peace the most important objective, which is half-true, and well-known to Dr. Kissinger to be exactly that: all his life he has fought for peace with freedom. The *New York Times*' Bill Keller wrote, "Mr. Kissinger reportedly recounted how President Nixon, his former boss, had been hampered in pursuing detente by hard-liners within his Administration." These are words unquestionably misreported, since what the Nixon Administration primarily lacked was hard-liners, as Mr. Kissinger's two books amply, and eloquently, document.

But there is no question that, in closing, standing at the lectern opposite the king, Henry had a little . . . lapse. He said that he was "confident" that Gorbachev would do the right things to bring peace to the world, and then he said that he "hoped" President Bush would do the right things. The presence of Mr. Gorbachev is said to be hypnotic, and Mr. Kissinger has had several encounters with him. But it was at least amusing, at most disconcerting, to hear our most original foreign-policy thinker express, within the bounds of a single sentence, Confidence that Soviet leadership would go in the right direction and mere Hope that U.S. leadership would go in the right direction.

Then we heard from Professor John Kenneth Galbraith. What he said was that he hoped to see a world order in which plural systems could co-exist peacefully. You have to remember that Professor Galbraith is more worried than Gorbachev about the survival of socialism. Since the birth of socialism takes not nine months, but 99 times nine months, Mr. Galbraith needs to be reconciled to the unlikelihood of socialism succeeding anytime during the lives of his grandchildren. But Gorbachev was unquestionably reassured that J. K. Galbraith would not lead a war movement against a de-socialized Russia.

The next episode was by all accounts the most charming. It brought to mind that wonderful moment at Bretton Woods in 1944 when planning was being done to found the United Nations. Already there was gridlock. The Soviet Union, with its usual subtlety, wanted the San Francisco founding conference to begin on May 1. We were pushing for April 10. The wrangling went on for hours when finally the voice was heard of a member of the British delegation. He proposed the date of April 25. "Why April 25?" the presiding official asked. "It's my birthday," said the secretary. And . . . April 25 it was.

The next person to approach the lectern was Van Cliburn, and the guests must have wondered whether his intention was to move on to the piano and play a medley combining the Soviet national anthem and the *Star Spangled Banner*. But no! He said he wanted Gorbachev to meet his mother, Rildia Bee. There were tremors of amused delight by the cognoscenti, and the interpreter hesitated in relaying in English Mr. Gorbachev's words. Someone with a smattering of Russian thought he had said something like, "That lady can have one of my *dachas* when she comes to visit." But that wasn't it at all, though whatever one got through the interpreter was appropriately maternal, perhaps a reference to the nine months of gestation that had been necessary for Van to be born with such skills. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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OFF THE RECORD

Transvaaluation. South African President F. W. de Klerk may be the one moving mountains to end apartheid, but it's the African National Congress that is being rewarded by the Bush Administration and the U.S. Congress. And how.

During a May 31 CIA-hosted secret conference in Washington, which escaped the U.S. press but was picked up by Simon Barber of Johannesburg *Business Day*, Herman Cohen, assistant secretary for African affairs, laid out the Administration's alarming new policy: 1) the U.S. must "tilt" toward the ANC and recognize it—as opposed to others like the six-million-strong, Chief Buthelezi–led Zulu tribe—as "the most significant black-majority party," and 2) the U.S. will not make even a token gesture toward de Klerk in recognition of his reforms, let alone end sanctions.

When the South African Embassy protested, Cohen denied the story. But Cato isn't buying. Policy on South Africa is driven by Congress, which in a recent foreign-aid bill earmarked $10 million to "organizations" that "encourage negotiations leading to . . . a genuine democracy" in South Africa (alias the ANC). So what if the ANC refuses to renounce violence? As long as it's "committed to a suspension of violence in the context of negotiations," and says it won't "use any of the funds . . . for the purpose of supporting physical violence," Congress says it can have the dough. If only the Contras had had such generous benefactors on the Hill.

Bush: Spare that Woodman. The Environmental President and the Environmental Senator had a little to-do recently. Cato hears that during a White House meeting last month with Republican Leadership members, President Bush got "ticked off" at Senator John Chafee (R., R.I.), chairman of the Senate Republican Conference and a leader of Congress's "Green" forces.

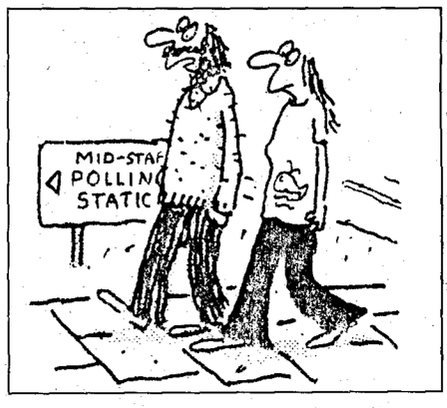
Seems that Chafee complained about how his party is "too hard" on environmentalists. But the harangue only managed to peeve Mr. Bush. The gist of his this-side-of-angry rejoinder: there's nothing you can do to please these people, and they think those spotted owls in the Oregon forests are more important than thirty thousand timber-industry jobs. Be grateful owls don't talk to pollsters.

Who Invited Him? Wonder why the House Conservative Opportunity Society has been in the doldrums of late? One reason, complains a Hill reader, is Steve Gunderson (R., Wis.).

Gunderson, a liaison from the moderate House GOP "92 Group," often shows up at the weekly COS gatherings, but doesn't just sit and observe. He disrupts. At nearly every meeting Gunderson attends he either poohpoohs strategies or has verbal shootouts with COS members, like Representatives Tom DeLay (Tex.) and Dana Rohrabacher (Calif.). Some wonder why COS Chairman Jon Kyl (Ariz.) hasn't shown the fox out the henhouse door. But then Gunderson *is* chief deputy whip for "policy development," appointed to that post last year by Minority Whip, COS founder, and good buddy Newt Gingrich. As de Gaulle said to a minister who had complained his friends all opposed Gaullist policies: "Changez vos amis."

Son of a Gunderson. One Gunderson-developed policy deals with the raging National Endowment for the Arts controversy. A counter to some harsher language pushed by Rohrabacher and Senator Helms, Gunderson's much-in-the-news plan purports to diminish the federal agency's power by tripling NEA state grants, while banning obscene-art funding. Well, not really "banning." In fact, not banning at all: the plan—in claiming that NEA-funded projects, by definition, have "serious artistic merit"—actually protects the *status quo*. And more funds for state art agencies hurt rather than help: their record on backing offensive projects is terrible. Gunderson's proposal is exactly the type of ruse many a congressman will embrace, repackage, and then boast about ("I oppose obscene art . . .") to the folks back home.

Hokey Okie. Few do *that* as well as Representative Wes Watkins did in a late-March letter to constituents explaining his opposition to Jesse Helms's NEA limits. Watkins, an Oklahoma Democrat running for governor, wrote that before last year's vote, "I asked myself the question 'why are the atheists like Madalyn O'Hairs [*sic*] of our nation, anti-Christian groups, and Communists *for* the Helms amendment?' " The answer: because it "gave these groups the right to protest showings and displays of religious art of Jesus Christ and/or Biblical scenes. I could not in good conscience vote," he concluded, "to allow atheists and Communists the right under law to in-



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"Is it more environment-friendly to vote Green or recycle my voting paper?"

fringe [*sic*] their misguided beliefs on God-fearing, patriotic Americans. I think you would agree with me on this point." Watkins's red-faced office, unable to show inquirers (like Cato) proof of Red support for the Helms amendment, has drafted a new letter.

Next door NEAghbor. Chief of Staff John Sununu defended NEA Chairman Frohnmayer on CNN's Evans & Novak (June 10), saying funding for "Piss Christ" *et al.* was approved before his appointment. For the record, Frohnmayer's predecessor, Mr. Frank Hodsoll—the chief financial officer at OMB and chairman of the President's Council on Integrity and Efficiency—now works in Room 259 of the Old Executive Office Building, right next door to the White House. —CATO

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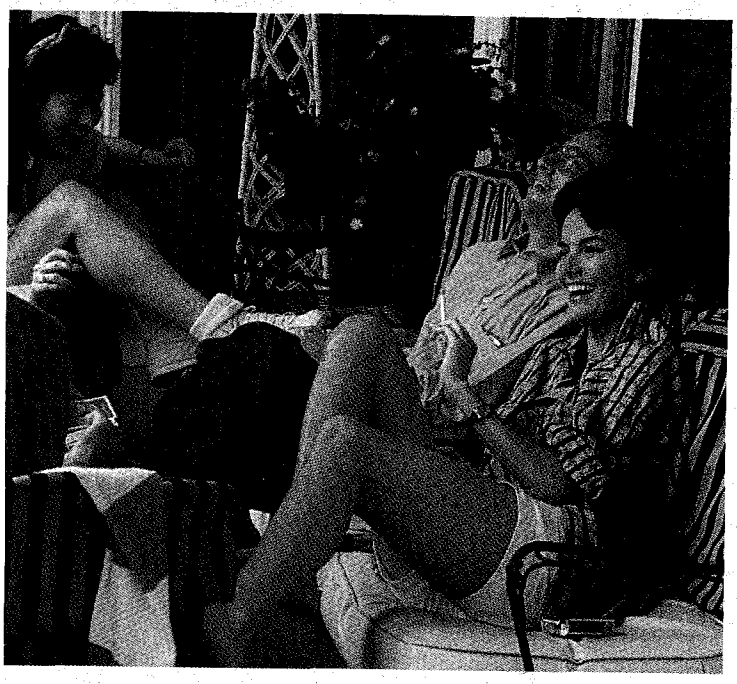

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